

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 8, No. 41 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 2 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1895.

TERMS: {Single Copies, 5c.
Per ANNUM (in advance), \$5.} Whole No. 405

Around Town.

At last, we are given to understand, Mr. Laurier has defined his position on the school question. Since the turmoil began he has preserved an utter silence. He has gone here and there, back and forth, the dumb man in politics. Neither in Parliament nor out of it could he be induced to indicate by word or look where his sympathies lay. A student of the British rather than the French school of politics, admirer of Pitt, Peel and Gladstone, he preserved in a time of crisis a silence for which he can find no precedent in the history of British statesmanship. Yet in maintaining silence there were some who argued that it was not the duty of the Liberal leader to assist the Conservative Government out of a difficulty with an expression of his valuable opinion—a view of the matter that is very American, involving as it does the proposition that one of our leading public men owes no service whatever to the country, but his entire powers, talents and experience to his party; that any blunder, however injurious to the Dominion, should be allowed to go its full length without protest from him, he standing in ambush the while gleefully viewing the progress of a catastrophe which will discredit his opponents. According to this principle the lives of our public men are consecrated to party contest, not devoted to statesmanship nor to the service of the country; the hundreds of thousands of Liberal voters are not striving for good government and wise legislation, but for the supremacy of Laurier. This atrocious principle absolves public men from public duty and leaves the vital interests of the country to the hazard of party strategies, but we have grown accustomed to it and many admired the masterly silence of the Liberal leader.

But now he has broken that silence, we are told. He has developed an opinion. He has spoken. So sudden and complete a conversion has not been seen since conviction met and overwhelmed Saul of Tarsus on the highway. It was in the nature of a miracle, too, for the dumb man of politics found tongue. It was, like not modern miracles, not very well authenticated, for miracles abhor witnesses and occur in the most out-of-the-way places. It was away down in Gaspé that he found his voice and, strangely enough, his words were addressed to the English-speaking people of the Dominion, who were implored to exercise their Christian sentiments and give justice to the Catholic minority of Manitoba. True, no English-speaking person was present to be moved by the appeal, and no reporter was present to record the appeal, and no telegraph office was high to communicate the appeal, and the chances were a hundred to one that the English-speaking people of Upper Canada would never have known that they had been appealed to. You see he was moved to speak by inspiration, and inspirations come in defiance of time and place. Our thanks are due to *La Patrie* for mentioning Mr. Laurier's eloquent lecture upon the duty of Protestant Ontario, for otherwise we might have gone on thinking that the *Globe* expresses his views when it argues against interference with Manitoba and ties the Liberal party to a line of action. But for an incidental editorial reference in this French paper we would probably never have known how strongly Mr. Laurier feels on the Manitoba question, for he grew "eloquent and warm" in appealing to our Christian sentiments. We can almost see the fine passion of his face as he glows with his theme, appealing in the presence of Catholics to a host of supposititious Protestants (the telegraph wires, if any, cut, the press excluded, scrutineers on every side road to challenge strangers); we can almost hear the rare pleading of his tone and the silvery tinkle of his words as they fall in free coinage from his lips. How his simple audience would admire this orator, this champion of their race and creed against the marble-hearted Protestants of Upper Canada!

No one will deny to Mr. Laurier the right to an opinion, but many will fail to admire the man who sneaks away down into the fastnesses of Gaspé to appeal to the Christian sentiments of the people of Ontario. He knows where to find us if he has any appeal to make or any message to convey. The Liberals of this province, holding the *Globe* sacred as scripture, are almost solidly opposed to any interference with Manitoba; why does not the party leader attempt the control of his party and its organ if he feels so warmly on the subject? Can it be that he is one thing in Gaspé, another thing elsewhere, and nothing much anywhere? If Hon. Clarke Wallace is not entitled to hold his office while adhering to the position which he has taken on the question, can Mr. Laurier, who grew eloquent in Gaspé, consistently act as leader of the No-Interference Grits of Ontario? It may be noticed that once the cat was out of the bag Mr. Laurier amplified his position in subsequent speeches, so that at last we know definitely where the man is.

Mr. Edgar, in speaking at the unveiling of the Chénier monument, said it was the ambition of his life to draw together in sympathy and mutual confidence the French-speaking and the English-speaking Canadians. It is a very worthy ambition, but it can never be realized while men of Mr. Laurier's standing stoop to such cheap deceptions as this of which he is charged. If he feels warmly on this question, well and good; but let him maintain an even temperature, not blazing up into a fierce heat when in Gaspé and sinking to a state of cold indifference when in Ontario. He is play-

acting either there or here. There he is a passionate patriot; here a dispassionate observer. Can Upper and Lower Canada ever come to an understanding while our public men wear false faces and strive for supremacy by stirring up creed enmities? The Grit and the Tory deputies in Quebec are battling for the right to lead the prejudices of the province against the "Protestant bigotry of Ontario;" here the effort is made to arouse and lead the passions of the people against the Romanists of Quebec. There is not much likelihood of the two races being drawn together in sympathy and mutual confidence until this country can raise a breed of public men who will rise superior to sectionalism and sectarianism, who will express the same sentiments in York and in Gaspé and leave the hates and spite which rack the Dominion in the expert care of godly men, the priests and parsons

ten and to our shame we know them to be true.

If Mr. Grundy of Peterboro' has been forced to go into the church as a result of the investigation into the local registrarship, surely his chief should take the veil.

Whatever considerations prompted the School Trustees to lengthen the summer holidays, the likelihood is that Mr. James L. Hughes and others who make a specialty of such matters were consulted. The decision arrived at is apt to be wiser than any conclusion reached by parents who object to having their children on their hands. It must not be forgotten that the months of July and August are the hot months during which confinement in schoolrooms, or in any other rooms, is specially injurious to growing chil-

with that of several large American cities. I have secured from Park Commissioner Chambers the statement that Toronto has, including High Park, 1175 acres of park lands, and setting down the population of Toronto at one hundred and eighty-five thousand, this yields us an acre of park to every one hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants, a much better showing than that of most other cities mentioned in this list.

	Park acreage.	No. persons per acre.
Baltimore.....	1,200	312
Chicago.....	2,425	453
Louisville.....	1,079	150
St. Louis.....	2,380	190
Washington.....	1,750	137
Cincinnati.....	890	1,025
Toronto.....	1,175	157

The Boston Metropolitan Park system em-

in memoriam of the granddads of our grandsons.

Mr. E. A. Macdonald, refreshed probably by a summer holiday, has again laid siege to the City Council with a business proposition. We may expect that the campaign now opening will not differ materially from previous ones. We may anticipate that the aldermen will persist in demanding from Mr. Macdonald explicit details as to what his company intends to do, how much it expects to make and the full list of shareholders in the organization. Mr. Macdonald will, as usual, reply that money talks and that his company is prepared to deposit such and such a sum as a guarantee of good faith and as an evidence of its standing. Aldermen will make speeches accusing each other of holding ship-canal scrip, and will say one day that Mr. Macdonald is trying to get valuable franchises for nothing, and will say the next that he is a dreamer of dreams who is talking of engineering impossibilities. Mr. Macdonald will reply in *The News*, top of column, next pure reading matter, bumping aldermanic heads together very dexterously. The fall will likely thus be spent and the winter and the spring. There is, however, no reason why the agony should be protracted. Mr. Macdonald has either a splendid project in hand or bees have entered through a crack in his pate and nested in his head. He makes a business proposition; he outlines a project; he flaunts a cheque. If there is no capital behind the cheque, no sense in the project, no profit in the proposition, why, then, let Mr. Macdonald be turned over to the surgeons. For goodness sake let this city either do business with him or lynch him without more ado!

Ald. Lamb seems to think it his duty as a public man to jeer Mr. Macdonald's proposition out of court without the slightest investigation. He objected to a sub-committee of the Board of Works being appointed to find out what the promoter was promoting. He insinuated that the aldermen who were in favor of looking into the proposition were in some shady manner implicated in the "scheme." The iniquitous and terrifying aspect of the "scheme," as it presented itself to him, was that it contemplated the extinction of the Board of Works and his chairmanship. It is the duty of an alderman, according to popular belief, to hear any proposal that may be made and to investigate it lest a good thing be ignorantly rejected. Ald. Lamb's attitude is one of mulish objection to the man who offers to do business with the city, whereas in public affairs he is not entitled to tug his private antipathies into prominence. If a man were to unfold a big scheme to a large corporation like the Ferry Company or the C.P.R., the directors would quickly call in experts, examine the project in all its bearings upon the present and future interests of the concern, and reach a final and safe decision without delay. And this is what the representatives of the city should do. If, when the thing has been once well investigated, it is declared against, then the "irrepressible" Mr. Macdonald should be repressed with a pile driver. To do so now would be premature.

The tendency of the age is towards civic and governmental control of all things that can be so controlled. To let a large city depend for water upon the caprice of a money-grasping private company is felt to be somewhat perilous. Yet this condition exists, without causing difficulties, in many places. The company represented by Mr. Macdonald may or may not be a solid one financially; it may or may not be able to do what it professes to have in mind, yet many people believe that water can be brought from Lake Simcoe to wonderful advantage, and Mr. Macdonald should be dealt with in a business-like way, so that if his company is a straw affair it will be scattered to make way for something more substantial and less shifty. But the main thing is that the people are tired of the catch-as-catch-can struggle between the tireless E. A. M. and a City Council that evades its duty in regard to him. Give the earth to him, or give him to the earth; either will do, so that it be done quickly.

Whether the canal and power scheme is a splendid project or a nightmare; whether Mr. Macdonald should be in the asylum or the obstructionist aldermen in jail, cannot be too speedily determined.

An effort is being made to induce the City Council to show some attention to the gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge who will visit the city during the latter part of next week. There is a fund set apart for the entertainment of visitors, and a percentage of it might very well be used in making welcome these English cricketers. These young men from the great universities will in a few years be prominent in politics, in the army, in the arts and professions, and it would be discreet on the part of Toronto to show them some little courtesy. Across the border they will be wine and dined in great shape, and as this will be the only point in Canada visited by them the occasion should not go unmarked. They will not likely be made to respect our native cricket; let our hospitality command their esteem.

The fining of the owner of a tally-ho under the by-law relating to cabs is no doubt all right in law, but it would be a mistake to drive this big and picturesque vehicle out of business. The tally-ho was not known here when the cab by-law was framed, and from the nature of things it cannot be treated as a cab. It is a novelty, it is an expensive thing



SWEET LAVENDER.

From painting by Paul Heydel.

whom heaven has ordained to foment discord, to nurse distrust, to promote riot on earth forever.

We want men in public life in Canada who will study the British models, not follow the Canadian impulse nor imitate the American example. The ideal public man is found in Great Britain. He is careful of his honor; his natural integrity is hedged about with conventionalities which would suffice to save him if a weak moment should come upon him. The instant a man's honor comes into question his career ends. Allegiance to a party or to a leader is not servile and absolute, and the holder of a portfolio who disagrees with his leader in a matter of policy must resign or lose status. Here our public men surrender everything to party, and it is subject of doubt if we have a public man who is above suspicion of lie, who is too honorable to cook facts in his speeches, or to mislead the public, or to bear false witness against his adversary. If a premier of this country were to commit a serious felony without losing favor in the country (which is perhaps not impossible, so elastic is the national conscience), we can almost imagine the honorable gentlemen of the Cabinet assembling in his cell in the penitentiary to discharge affairs of state. To our shame these things are writ-

ten. This is particularly true in cities, where the air is none too pure and where a large percentage of the children in attendance at Public schools are destined to live lives of confinement in shops and offices. They cannot get too much of free summer, nor too much of the air of High Park, or Lorne Park, or the Island. If ten months of the year are devoted to stunting the bodies, wrinkling the brows, ruining the eyes, unstringing the nerves and muddling the wits of school children with hard study, surely the other two months should be ungrudgingly set apart to allow nature to make some attempt at recuperation. In this connection I was much impressed with a clause in the report of the Commission upon the Ottawa Separate schools, in which the lack of accommodation was complained of. In some of the schools the accommodation is so poor that children are unable to gain admission "until they are six or seven years of age." When, in addition to this complaint from a learned commission, we hear parents objecting to having their children on their hands during the long holidays, it seems necessary to point out that schools are not baby farms or large central nurseries provided by the state.

Speaking of the parks in the above paragraph, it may be interesting to give a few figures comparing the park acreage of Toronto

braces 10,000 acres, New York City has 5,175. The 271 pieces of park property of London amount to 17,876. The Fontainebleau Park of Paris embraces 81,740 acres. The population of Toronto may multiply many times over without its boundaries extending very much, and so, comparatively good as our showing is, it would be unwise to neglect any opportunity of increasing our park area. The site of the old Parliament Buildings and old Upper Canada College would make a splendid park in the very heart of the city, convenient to the wharves, the depots and the busy thoroughfares. It would be a matchless ornament to the city. If it is secured it must be secured soon. Its present value is as nothing compared with the value that block of land will have twenty years hence. We should make a park of it. In no other way could we so easily befool successive generations into the highly ridiculous belief that the men of the present day were progenitors worthy of respect. It would be deucedly clever if we could create this delusion by one deft manoeuvre. It would free us to be foolish in a dozen other ways. Unless we do something of this nature I fear that certain other legacies which this decade will leave behind it will enable posterity to form all too accurate an estimate of the people of this period. Let us leave something other than those forty-year bonds

to keep up, it must be kept reasonably busy or it will disappear. Tourists coming to Toronto do not take it for granted that a tally-ho can be secured at any livery stable, and the rig cannot stand on the street awaiting customers as an express wagon does. Moreover, one or two people do not want to engage a tally-ho for their own use as cabs are used. There must be some organization, and therefore there must be an organizer, if strangers are to have the advantage of tally-ho rides about the city. The cab by-law as it stands now and as it has just been interpreted, will surely drive the tally-ho out of commission. This will be a bad thing. It will deprive visitors of an accommodation very highly valued. Perhaps the by-law could be amended to cover the new situation of affairs and at the same time relax the stringent regulations that hamper the cab business in this city. There is no sense in legislating the cab out of existence. At present one can scarcely get one of these conveniences up-town unless one telephones and makes a weary wait. A cab can seldom be hailed on our streets in the manner affected by the hero of the novel, which may partially account for the fact that we have no novelists amongst us. Little things count for much. Now and then we see a cab carrying a passenger, but who ever saw an empty cab bowling along when he wanted one? These vehicles still play an important part in the business and pleasure of other cities, but here they promise soon to pass entirely away. MACK.

Money Matters.

The success attending the iron industry in Canada must be gratifying to those engaged in it. In 1889-90 the domestic production of pig iron totaled 24,375 tons and by 1893 it had increased to 62,522 tons. In a corresponding degree the imports decreased. In 1889-90, 87,613 tons were imported, while in 1893-4 only 45,282 tons were brought in. The value of the domestic production in 1889-90 is computed at \$416,786, and that of the production in 1893-4 \$965,968. There is every reason to believe that the imports during the year 1894-5 will be again decreased and the domestic production increased, and if the new works at Hamilton are as successful as their promoters expect Canada will not need to import any pig iron in 1896. The new works will have a capacity of 200 tons per day or 73,000 tons per annum. In the construction of the works, however, the promoters are looking to the future needs of this country, as it would only need the production of about half of 73,000 tons to cut off imports altogether. The establishment of such an industry in this province means a great deal. It will stimulate mining, limestone quarrying and a hundred and one subsidiary industries.

No practical tests of acetylene have yet been made in Canada, though in Philadelphia the light is pronounced to be in every way satisfactory. Until the merits of this illuminant are fully disclosed I do not think there will be much money made in buying Consumers' Gas, Montreal Gas or Incandescent Light, and there may be a good deal lost.

I am as friendly as ever to Commercial Cable. Purchases anywhere around 165 will, in my opinion, show excellent profits. I adhere to my opinion that by the end of the year this stock will sell to 175, and next year I should not be surprised if it worked up along toward 200.

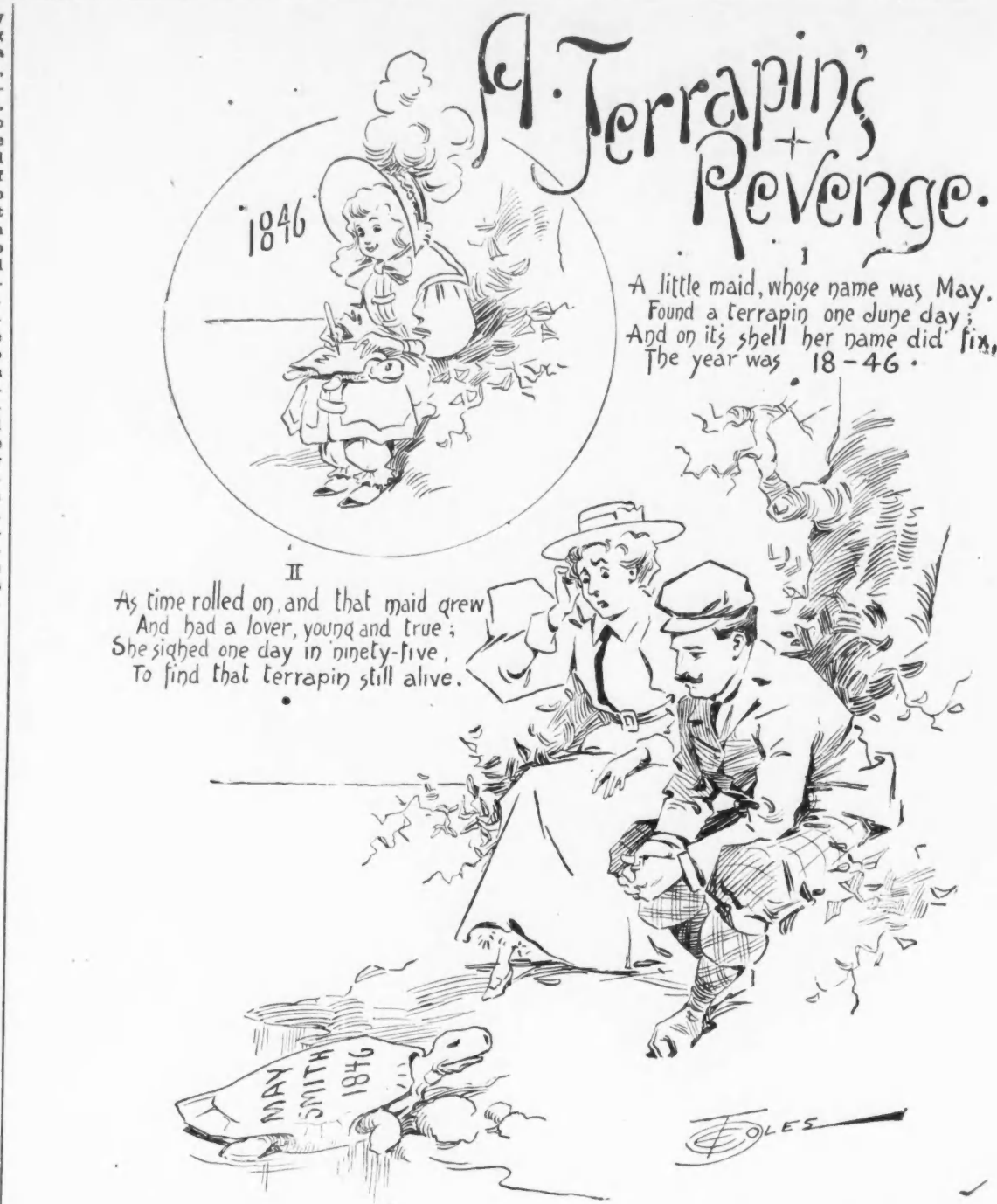
Toronto Railway sold down to 81 1/2 this week. Last week I advised buying it if it declined to around 81. I am inclined to be friendly to it around these figures.

Montreal Street railway is holding strong. I am inclined to think that it will go higher. This stock is as good as any debenture and should sell at a corresponding premium.

C. P. R. stock is growing stronger. It has sold as high as 57 and rumors are rife to the effect that it will go higher. I advise my friends not to go too strong on the common stock. The preference stock at 80 is a better investment than the common stock at 57. Of course the big crops in the West are at the bottom of this advance. ESAY.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith welcomed a large party of friends on the balcony of the Athletic Club. Seldom has ladies' day seen such a smart turnout, for quite a number of people have come back from their holidays, and some who are yet en villégiature came into town for this occasion, which was the presentation of a couple of flags to the Athletic Club. Mrs. Goldwin Smith, who with the good Professor has done more than the outside world will ever know towards making a success of the Athletic Club, made this generous presentation in the following words: "It is with great pleasure, Mr. President, that I present this flag to the Athletic Club. As one of the lady members I feel great interest in the success of the Club, and I am sure that the other lady members feel the same. We rejoice to hear that the Club has so far surmounted all its early difficulties as to look forward with entire confidence to the future, and to be able this afternoon without any misgiving to raise its flag. May the flag float over many distinguished athletes, many trophies of athletic victory, much bracing and invigorating exercise, much social gaiety and enjoyment. May the motto which it bears, and which denotes the union of physical with moral health and vigor, be well borne out by the effects of the training received under this roof. May the Club long flourish as a pleasant center and heart of the young life of Toronto." The Hon. J. B. Robinson accepted the flag, which lay spread on the turf, with the ropes all attached ready to haul them into position on the fine flagstaff erected just east of the main entrance. Mr. Robinson made one of his neat little speeches, and the flag was promptly hauled up and floated bravely in brilliant scarlet, bearing in white the three V's which initial the Club's motto. Cheers were given for Mrs. Goldwin Smith, and right bravely did the fashionable dames raise the echoes. Lady Robinson, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Burrows of Winnipeg, Miss



As time rolled on, and that maid grew
And had a lover, young and true;
She sighed one day in ninety-five,
To find that terrapin still alive.

Shibley of Kingston, Colonel and Mrs. Heymon, Mademoiselle Van den Broeck, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie, Mrs. G. A. Case, Mrs. Helliwell, Miss Augusta Robinson, Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mrs. McAndrew and a very large number of the Ladies' Committee were among those present. Miss Crooks poured tea, and the stewards of the Club assisted in dispensing some very nice cakes and "tartine."

A brilliant audience is ensured at the Princess Theater on Monday evening. The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick may not attend until Tuesday, as His Honor has a public meeting to attend on Labor Day.

Hon. Edward Blake and Mrs. Blake returned from England on Sunday and are at Balm Beach with their daughter, Mrs. Wrong.

Reports of Sir Casimir Gzowski's illness are happily quite unfounded. The master of the Hall is looking and feeling very well, and is happy in welcoming his charming granddaughter, Mrs. Heymon, whose husband is the new commandant of the artillery at Halifax. Those who knew and admired Miss Turner in her maiden days will be glad to welcome her as a young matron this week.

The Misses Durand were last week elected associate members of the Athletic Club.

Mrs. Casimir Gzowski is so much better that she was able to rejoin her family last week, and is now at their summer residence at Center Island.

An exquisite solo was sung in St. James's cathedral last Sunday by Miss Dunning of Port Colborne. Her pure, sweet voice is eminently suited to such music as the grand anthem, My God, Look Upon Me, and it filled the noble old parish church with a flood of delicious melody.

Miss Augusta Robinson, who has been for the past six years in Europe, returned for a visit to Toronto last week. She is looking well and has been heartily welcomed by hundreds of friends. Miss Robinson's musical career has been a continued progress of success, and the sweet voice which in its first efforts charmed us is now the exquisite organ of a trained artist.

A sort of floral festival was given at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Saturday by Mrs. Patterson, the good hostess of this cosy summer hotel. All the ladies were given roses, and the dinner-table was profusely crowned with the beautiful blooms. The menu was daintily printed on white satin.

Mrs. Alfred T. Smith came over on Tuesday from Fort Niagara to invite a party over to the dance at the Post on Friday evening. These dances combine military *ecarté* with the charm of a private house, and the music of the 13th band would make an octogenarian dance. Many Toronto people have the pleasure of the acquaintance of the charming little dame who rules the social circle at the Post, and her kindly hospitality will doubtless be repaid in true Toronto style should she visit us during the coming social season.

The Knickerbocker Club took a run last Thursday and enjoyed a pleasant outing. The ladies are still shy of long runs, showing better judgment than is often noticed in new riders, who are usually prone to overtax their strength

on club runs. I was sorry to hear of the indisposition of the president, who with his family spent Sunday at Niagara-on-the-Lake and is now all right again.

Rev. Louis H. Jordan, one of our handsome and magnetic preachers, has returned from his vacation in the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. Irving Cameron has returned from a sojourn near Lake Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddell of St. George street returned from Europe last week.

Next Tuesday afternoon the Industrial Exhibition will be opened by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor.

Miss Annie Parsons, who has been taking a nurse's course in a New York hospital, has been home for a fortnight's vacation and returns to her post to-day. Miss Parsons' always piquant and sparkling face is radiant with health and vigor, and she is enthusiastic in her profession.

On Monday last Mrs. Douglas Burns of Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale, gave a tea for Miss Parsons, at which was *je ne sais quoi* of fun and merriment.

Miss Shibley of Kingston is visiting Mrs. Leigh of Dovercourt road.

Mrs. John Wright and family return from Cape Elizabeth to-day.

Sir Casimir Gzowski was presented with an Athletic Club button by some of the members of the House Committee at the reception on Ladies' Day. These buttons are in madder red and black enamel, with the Club initials and decorations in gold. The ladies are having some pins made to wear instead of the button, as there is not always a handy buttonhole in bodices *a la mode* this season.

Miss Cawthra returned home last week and has had a very pleasant trip.

Miss Amy Beatty is the latest elected associate member of the Athletic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holland of 73 St. George street have gone to Aberdeen, Scotland, to live. Mr. Holland is succeeded as general manager of the Ontario Bank by Mr. McGill of Peterboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee and family are still at their summer residence at Victoria Park, as are also Major and Mrs. Harry Pellatt. Major Pellatt spent Sunday in Orillia with his parents.

An event of next week will be the reception tendered to the members of the American Electro-Therapeutic Association on Wednesday evening at the Toronto Athletic Club. By the way, the tennis courts are being beautifully prepared for the tennis tournament. Some are reserved from any occupancy this week that they may be in perfect order later on.

One of the sweetest maidens who ever smiled on Toronto will be married next week in old St. Mark's, Niagara-on-the-Lake, when Mr. Wyly Grier claims as his bride pretty Miss Florence Dickson. Mr. and Mrs. Grier will set up housekeeping in an apartment in the Imperial Bank buildings. Art-lovers are "well acquainted" with the road to the studio,

where so many things of beauty have been made joys forever by the magic touch of Mr. Grier's artist brush, and the *menage* of the young couple will be located on the same flat.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers and Miss Macklem have returned from Georgian Bay.

Dr. J. W. F. and Mrs. Ross are still with their family in their country residence.

Mr. Harold Jarvis of Winnipeg is in town on a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Drayton gave an afternoon tea to a smart circle, who were asked to meet Miss Blakely of Chicago, a niece of Mrs. Alexander Cameron. Mrs. Cameron was unfortunately indisposed and unable to be at the tea, much to the regret of many who have not had an opportunity of seeing much of her during her short stay in Toronto before leaving for Europe. Among the guests hurriedly invited as a happy thought were: Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Henry Cawthra and Miss Perkins, Miss Covernton, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Miss Arthurs, Miss Alice Bunting, who was met on all sides with smiles and congratulations, the Misses Morphy, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Jarvis, and Messrs. Holmes, McLean, Farrar, Dr. Patterson and others.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock is still at her quiet country home near Newport, where, I am grieved to hear, Mr. Blackstock continues far from well. Contrary to the general impression, Mrs. Blackstock has done little or no entertaining this summer, as she is devoting her time to nursing her invalid and sedulously working at her new opera. A very beautiful and quiet spot is what she calls her "Farm," and everyone hopes that the talented Q.C. will derive great benefit from his sojourn there under her care, and also that the tranquil life possible in such seclusion will bring many harmonious and powerful inspirations to the gifted pianiste, whose fingers have so often woven dreams of richest melody for her appreciative friends. Messrs. Scott, Griffin and Matthews, with Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, were Mrs. Blackstock's guests for the Tennis Tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows of Winnipeg are at the Arlington. They contemplate settling in Toronto for the winter.

I hear Mr. T. C. Patterson is likely to dispose of his place at Eastwood. Let us hope as kindly and hospitable a host as himself will succeed him.

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International Tennis Tournament begins Tuesday, August 27. A Tennis Collior, Queen's Royal Minstrel, a Concert, a Clam Bake, an Illuminated Procession of Boats are among the festivities of Tournament week.

International Golf Tournament Sept. 15, 16, 17. Send for particulars. H. WINNETT.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday of last week the pretty village of Grimsby was all agog, the occasion being the marriage of two of Grimsby's fairest daughters, Miss Mary and Miss Aggie Nelles, the former becoming the bride of Mr. H. F. Baker of Grimsby, and the latter the bride of Dr. Lucas of Ingersoll. The wedding took place at five o'clock, the ceremony being conducted by the rector, Rev. C. Russell Lee, assisted by Rev. W. Andrews. The brides were attired in white silk and chiffon, with veils. Miss Mary's bridesmaids were: Miss Edith Roberts of Washington, D.C., Miss Willard of California and Miss Olivia Nelles of Grimsby, while Miss Aggie was attended by her cousins, Miss Nina Woolverton and Miss Olive Grout. The bridesmaids wore white muslin trimmed with yellow ribbon and looked charming. Mr. Baker's groomsmen were Mr. F. Martin of Hamilton, while Dr. Lucas was supported by his brother, Mr. W. Lucas. It was a Golden Rod wedding, the bridal party and guests all wearing that pretty flower, while the path from the church to the carriage was strewn with it. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the brides' father, Mr. C. S. Nelles. The brides received on the lawn, which was tastefully and beautifully decorated, while harpers, from the Queen's Royal at Niagara-on-the-Lake, discoursed sweet music. When night fell the party adjourned to the house and passed some pleasant hours in dance and song. The view on the lawn after the Chinese lanterns were lighted was enchanting. The wedding presents were many and valuable, and eloquently testified to the esteem in which the fair brides are held by their numerous friends. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are making a trip to New York and Boston, while Dr. and Mrs. Lucas are enjoying the pleasures of the Mackinac trip.

Dr. and Mrs. George Burnham, Mrs. and Miss Fairweather, Mrs. Charles McGill, Miss Madge McGill of Peterboro', Mrs. G. H. McIntyre of St. Mary's, Rev. B. C. H. Andrews of Peterboro', Mr. H. W. Turk, Mr. S. E. Champeny of Buffalo, Mr. E. T. Turk of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hutton, Miss Vair of Peterboro', Mr. H. Hoyt of Syracuse, N.Y., Mr. J. F. Lilliecap, Mr. W. H. Casement of Lakefield, Misses Katie and Annie Blaine of Rochester, Rev. W. Limbert, Mr. A. Hendren of Lakefield, Miss Birdie Harmer of Toronto, Miss Eva Denne of Peterboro', Mr. T. D. Brown of Toronto, S. J. Belcher of Peterboro', Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davidson of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Conway, Miss Perry of Peterboro', Mr. George F. Calcutt of Chicago, Capt. Calcutt of Stony Lake, Mr. W. H. Hill, Mr. Robert Fair, Mr. H. LeBrun, Mr. R. B. McKee, Miss Helen M. McKee of Peterboro', Miss Edith Ross of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. P. Henry of Peterboro', Miss A. Cook of Woodstock, Miss Bottom of Toronto, Mr. D. J. Lundy, Mr. T. H. Fortye, Mr. W. B. Bamford, Mr. P. H. Fortye, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Hedenberg, Mrs. A. McNeil and Miss McNeil, Mr. W. H. Rackham and Miss Rackham of Peterboro', Mr. Bert Barker of Toronto, Mr. A. Terrell, Dr. Caldwell of Peterboro', Mr. L. B. Ewing of Toronto, Mr. W. English, Miss A. B. Sproule, Miss Marion Best of Peterboro', Miss M. Sproule of Tyron, Ireland, Misses Lillian, Ava and Minnie Miller, Mr. F. S. Schneider of Peterboro', Captain James, Messrs. W. Johnston, D. C. Ross, C. Thomson, B. Nicholls, H. McNamara, John Mehary, Harry Prince May, Samuel Ewing, Bruce Robinson, A. Brownlee, Victor Lee and Robert Duthie of Toronto are at Chemong Park Hotel.

The Misses Pansy and Marguerite Humphreys of Church street returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake on Monday morning, after spending a few days at the cottage of their cousins, Dr. and Mrs. King.

Mr. Bruce Waldron of Detroit is in the city on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Davis of Chicago and Miss Alice Priestman of Parkdale are spending a few weeks among the mountains of Vermont.

Mrs. W. F. Green and Miss Evelyn Green have returned home after spending a delightful summer at the Penetanguishene, Penetang.

Mrs. H. Young, Miss M. Young and Miss L. Young of Spadina avenue were passengers on the steamer Eurydice on her trip to the Thousand Islands this week.

Mrs. George W. Gibson and daughter, Marjorie, of 103 St. George street are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred McDiarmid of Lindsay at their summer cottage at Fenelon Falls.

Mrs. A. McIntyre and her daughter Alexandra returned home on Sunday morning last after a three months' tour through England, Scotland and Ireland, and through New York and other Eastern States.

Dr. J. L. Davison of Charles street and Dr. Britton and family will return home to day after a month's sojourn in their houseboat on Georgian Bay.

Mr. J. Marion Briggs has gone for a month's holidays to Old Orchard Beach and Newport.

Miss Cauldwell of St. James' avenue is home after a month's visit to Detroit.

Miss Amelia Gibson of Maitland street has returned after a two months' visit to Detroit, Algoma and Mackinac Island.

Miss Likens of Carlton street and Miss Winnie Cornish of Ottawa have just returned from their pleasure trip up the lakes to Duluth.

Dr. Charles Dickson has been on a ten days' vacation to Gananoque.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and Miss Bradley of Sherbourne street and Miss Dora McMurry of Huron street returned from Old Orchard last Saturday, where they have been spending their summer's vacation.

The concert given by the I. A. A. in their club-rooms on Saturday night was a grand success. The evening was an ideal one, and the Islanders turned out in form. One of the pleasantest features of the evening was the sing-



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ing of Mrs. Bert Brown, a new addition to our musical world. Miss Cowley opened the concert with a piano solo; Mr. Dick Donald, who was in splendid voice, and Mr. Frank King contributed songs. After the concert an informal dance brought the evening to a close.

Mr. and the Misses Taylor of Florsheim wheeled from Burlington to Grimsby and return last Friday, dining at Grimsby and taking the boat between here and Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bingham have given up housekeeping on Bloor street and their friends will now find them at the Queen's.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

The annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association is becoming more fashionable every year. Last week the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal were thronged with almost as great an assemblage as during the tennis week, and the fair sex equaled, if not outnumbered, the men present. Nearly every bowler had a wife or a sweetheart among the spectators, who unfailingly applauded every good shot. At the tennis the onlookers usually select a favorite regardless of where he comes from, and oftener than not he is from over the border; but the friends of the bowlers were loyal to their own. Burns and Lansing of Niagara in the doubles, against Scott and McMillan of the Toronto Granites, played wonderfully well, winning each a gold medal, to the great delight of their many local admirers. Prospect Park won the trophy, with the silk championship banner, and four gold medals, the successful rink being: Messrs. G. Hardy, E. Forbes, R. Patterson and J. G. Gibson (skip). Belleville won second prize—four silver cups—Mr. Biggar's rink being: Messrs. W. Webster, E. Laroche and G. Biggar. The Association trophy fell to the Toronto Granites, Messrs. C. Snelgrove, W. McMurtry, J. Baird and R. McClain (skip), each carrying away a pair of prize bowls. Mr. G. Hargrave's rink of: Messrs. W. H. Lowe, W. Cameron and C. Reid won second prize—four silver cups. The heavy rain of Saturday morning prevented the final singles being played by Messrs. G. Gates of the Hamilton Thistles and R. Watson of the R. Y. Y. C., who agreed to play off on Wednesday in Toronto.

Mr. Allan Anderson of the Imperial Bank, Fergus, who has been at home for his holidays, returned to his duties on Wednesday. Mr. Bayley Jones of Paris has been stopping at Dr. H. L. Anderson's. Mr. and Mrs. W. Watt of New York are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt of Oaklands. The Misses Paffard entertained a number of

their friends at a library party last Thursday evening. Among those invited were: The Misses Strathy, Mr. Frank Strathy, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Mabel Ince, Dr. H. L. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Annie Anderson, Mr. Allan Anderson, Rev. S. and Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilkinson, Miss Blake, the Misses Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, Mr. Meo, Mr. A. C. Howe.

Mrs. Ketchum of New York is the guest of Mrs. M. Watt.

Mrs. Steele and Miss Rose Coglin of St. Louis are at the Queen's.

Rev. J. C. Garrett, rector of St. Mark's, was

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no doubt pleased and gratified last Sunday evening to find his congregation a very exemplary one under the most trying and unusual circumstances. During the second chant the electric lights went out, leaving the church in utter darkness. Neither choir nor organist, however, was daunted for an instant, and without a falter the Nunc Dimittis was continued to the end. The lights, meanwhile, failed to re-appear, and for four or five minutes nothing was visible but a pale crescent of moonlight high up in the tower windows, and a glimpse of the rector's white robes as he went to the assistance of the sexton in the vestry. Everything else was Egyptian blackness, out of which presently came the rector's voice giving out his text, and for five or ten minutes more a congregation of about two hundred sat in unbroken quiet, listening attentively, no doubt for the first time, to a sermon preached under such unique conditions. When the lights finally reappeared there was not a smile on a single face. Everyone sat as quiet and composed as though it were an every-day occurrence for a sermon and a service to be conducted in the dark. Mr. Garrett's tact and the composed way in which he met the embarrassing difficulty was admirable in the extreme.

The guests of Oban House gave a very enjoyable and jolly marsh-mallow party on the beach last Friday evening. A lot of extremely merry young people bent on enjoyment, a perfect evening, a huge, blazing bon-fire and marsh-mallows *ad lib.*, and what more could one ask? As the fire died down and the fun subsided a little with the disappearance of the sweets, the possessor of a fine tenor voice sang the first verse of Tommy Atkins, followed by a clamor of grumblings and disappointments that he could not be persuaded upon to sing the second. Among others present were: Mrs. Smith of Fort Niagara, Lieut. Hall, Lieut. McFarlane and Lieut. Fox, also from the Post; Mrs. Cushman, Miss Lozier, Miss Stohner, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Talboys, Miss Evelyn Dickson, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. Mills, Miss S. Schuyler, Mr. B. Dickson and Mr. Ince. Miss Jessie Alexander gave another of her charming recitals at the Pavilion of the Queen's Royal on Friday evening of last week. She had to assist her Miss Beatrice Wilson, who sang three or four songs most delightfully. The evening was a very pleasant one, everyone expressing regret that the programme was not longer. Although Miss Alexander

recited eight or ten times, it was the greater evidence of her ability to entertain that no one was satisfied, everyone seeming to think they had had so very little of what was in every way so good a thing.



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CHAPTER XLVII.

"For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say?"

He finds Ella standing, where she had stood throughout her interview with Mrs. Prior, beneath a big horse-chestnut tree in the garden. She had resisted all Miss Manning's entreaties to come indoors and lie down and have a cup of tea (that kind woman's one unerring receipt for all diseases and griefs under the sun), and had only entreated piteously that she might be left alone.

Now, as she hears Wyndham's step upon the gravel, she lifts her head, and the white misery of her face, as he sees it, makes his heart swell with wrath within him. Great heavens, what had that fiend said to her! He struggles with an almost ungovernable desire to go to her and press those poor forlorn eyes against his breast, if only to shut them out from his vision, and he struggles too, it must be confessed—not so successfully—with a wild longing to give way to bad language. A few words escape him, breathed low indeed, but extremely pungent. They bring some faint relief, but still his heart burns within him, and indeed he himself is surprised at the intensity of his emotion.

She does not speak and he does not attempt to shake hands with her. It is impossible for him to forget that it is his own aunt who has thus wantonly insulted her—who has brought this terrible look into her young face. She, who has known so much suffering, who is now indeed only slowly recovering from a life unutterably sad.

"I know it all," begins he hurriedly, disconcertedly—he, the cold, clever barrister. "I met her just now—just outside the gate. She is a woman of a most vindictive temper. I hope you will not let anything she may have said dwell for a moment in your memory. It is not worth it, believe me. She is unscrupulous." He is almost out of breath now, but still hurries on. "She would do anything to gain a point. She—"

"You are talking of your aunt," says Ella at last in a stifled tone.

"Yes. And God knows," says he with vehement bitterness, "there was never anyone more ashamed to acknowledge anything than I am to acknowledge her. You—you will try to forget what she said—"

"Forget! Every word," says the girl, lifting her hands and pressing the palms against her pretty head, "seems beaten in here."

"But such words—so false—so meaningless—the words of a malicious woman—used to gain her own purpose—"

"Still they are here," says she wearily.

"For the moment—but in time you will forget not only her words, but her."

"Her! I shall never forget her." She turns to him with quick questioning in her eyes. "Is she really your aunt, Mr. Wyndham? It is strange—it is impossible—but I know I have seen her before. In my dreams sometimes now I see her. But in my dreams she does not look as she did to-day." She shudders and presses her fingers against her eyes, as if to shut out something. "She is lovely there, and kind, and so beautiful, and she calls me 'Ella.' I must be going mad, I think," cries she abruptly.

"A brain diseased sees queer things; and when I saw her in the Rectory garden yesterday, all at once it came to me that I knew her—that I had seen her before. Perhaps—"

she goes closer to him and examines his face with interest, marking every line as it were, every feature, until Wyndham begins to wish that his parents had granted him better looks, and then: "No, no," says she, sighing, "I thought perhaps it was her likeness to you that made her face seem familiar. But you are not like her. She," sighing again, "is very handsome."

This is a distinct "take down." Wyndham, however, bears up nobly.

"No," says he. "I am grateful to say that I resemble my father's family, plain though they may be. The Burkes, of course, were always considered very handsome."

"Burke." She looks at him again and frowns a little, as if again memory is troubling her. "The Burkes were—"

"My mother was a daughter of Sir John Burke."

"Yes, yes, I see. And the lady who was here just now, Mrs.—"

"Prior!"

"She was a daughter too?"

"I regret to say so—yes."

"Well, my dreams are wrong," says she as if half to herself. "And yet—"

She moves away from him, and in an idle, inconsequent way pulls at the shrubs and flowers near her. He can see at once that she is thinking, wrestling with the troubled waters of her mind, and there is something in the dignity and sadness of the young figure that appeals to him and awakens a fresh that eager desire to help her that had been his from the first.

After a while she comes back to him, her hands full of the late flowers that she nervously pulls from finger to finger in an unconscious fashion.

"I can't live here any longer," says she. "I should not have come here at all. She—has quite shown me that."

"I have already told you that not one word Mrs. Prior said is worthy of another thought."

He is alluding to Mrs. Prior's abominable suggestions as to the real meaning of the girl's presence in the Cottage.

"Mr. Wyndham," says Ella, resting her earnest eyes on his, "perhaps I have never let you fully understand how I regard all you have done for me. How grateful I am to you, a mere wail, a nobody! But I am grateful, and believe me, the one thing that has cut me to the very heart to-day is the thought that I—I, with poignant meaning, 'should be the one to cause dissension between you and—and—and her.'"

"Her?"

"Yes. Yes. She told me."

"She? Who? Her?" This involved sentence is taken no notice of.

"It was your aunt who told me. But you can explain to her—"

"To her? To whom? My aunt?"

"Oh, no. No." She pauses. "Surely you know." At this moment something in the girl's air makes Wyndham feel that she is believing him guilty of a desire to play the hypocrite—to conceal something. "It cannot have gone so very far," says she miserably. "A few words from you to her—"

"To her again? If not my aunt," demands he frantically, "what her?"

She looks at him with sad astonishment. "I see now, you wouldn't trust me," says she. Her eyes are suffused with tears. She turns aside, her hands tightly clenched as if in pain. Then all at once she breaks out. "Oh," cries she passionately, "why didn't you tell her at first?"

Tell her at first! Who the deuce is "her?"

"Or even me! If," miserably, "if I had known I should not have come here, and then there would have been no trouble—no wondering—no mystery; and there would have been no misunderstanding between you and"—she draws a sharp breath—"the girl you love!"

"Good heavens! Do I find myself in Bedlam?" cries Wyndham, who is not by any means an even-tempered man and who now has lost the last rag of self-control. "What girl do I love?"

But his burst of rage seems to take small effect on Ella.

"Of course," says she in a stifled tone, directing her attention now to a bush near her, plucking hurriedly at its leaves, "if you wish to keep it a secret. And you know I said you didn't trust me. And of course if you wish to—"

her voice here sounds broken—"to tell me nothing—you are right. Quite right. There is no reason why I should be let into your confidence."

"Look here," says Wyndham roughly. He catches her arm and compels her to turn around. "Let's get to the bottom of this matter. What did my aunt tell you? Come now! Out with it straight and plain."

He has occasionally entreated his clients to be honest, but usually with very poor results. Now, however, he finds one to answer him even more straightly than he had at all bargained for. Ella flings up her head. Perhaps she had objected to that magisterial "Come now."

"She said you were in love with her daughter, and that you had meant to marry her, until—my being here interfered with it; she—the girl pauses and regards him anxiously, as if looking to him for an explanation—"didn't say how I interfered."

"She said that?" Wyndham's voice is full of suppressed but violent rage.

"Yes. That. And a great deal more," she goes on now, vehemently. "That my being here would ruin you. That some lord—your uncle—your grand-uncle—Shan—Shanbally—or gary was the name," striving wildly with her memory, "would disinherit you because you had let your cottage to me. But that wasn't just. Was it? Why shouldn't you let your house to me as well as to anybody else—Mr. Wyndham?" with angry intonation. "Is that three hundred a year the Professor left me, mine really? Did he leave it to me at all? Oh! if he didn't—if I am indebted to you for all this comfort, this happiness—"

She breaks down. "You are entitled to that money. I swear it," says Wyndham. "His very last words were of you."

"You are sure? Of course, if not. . . . That might be the reason for their all being so angry with me."

She is so very far off the actual truth that Wyndham hesitates before replying to her.

"I am quite sure," says he presently. "The money is yours."

"Then I do not understand your aunt," cries she, throwing up her small head proudly. "She said a great many other things that I thought very rude. At least I'm sure they were meant to be rude by her air; but they were so stupid that no one could understand them. I hardly remember them. I only remember those about—"

She breaks off suddenly—tears rise in her saddened eyes. "I wish—I wish," cries she, in an agonized tone, "you had told me that you loved her."

"Loved her! Josephine."

"Is that her name—your cousin's name?"

"Yes, and a most detestable name it is."

There is frank disgust in his tone. The girl watches him wistfully.

"Perhaps, after all," says she. She hesitates, and the hand on the rose-bush now trembles, though Wyndham never sees it. "Perhaps it wasn't your cousin she meant. I misunderstood her, I dare say. It," she looks at him with eager, searching young eyes, "it was someone else, perhaps?"

"Someone else?"

"You are in love with?" She draws back a little, almost leaning against the rose bush now, and looking up at him from under frightened brows.

"I am in love with no one," says Wyndham with much directness, "with no one in the wide world." He quite believes himself as he says this. But in spite of this belief a sensation of discontent pervades him as looking at the girl he sees a smile, wide and happy, spreading over her charming face. Evidently it is nothing to her. She has had no desire that he should be in love with her.

"There is one thing," says he a little austerely—chats mile is still upon her face—"if you really desire privacy you should be careful about letting yourself be seen. Yesterday, in that tree," he points towards it and Ella colors in a little sad, ashamed way that goes to his heart but does not disturb his determination to read her a lecture, "you laid yourself open to discovery and therefore to insult."

"The getting up into a tree or looking at people is nothing," argues he coldly. "It is the fact that though you wish to look at people

you refuse to let them look at you—that makes the mischief. Anyone in this narrow society of ours who decides on withdrawing herself from the public gaze is open to misconception—to gossip—and finally to insult. I warned you of that long ago."

"I will not, I cannot. You know I cannot go out of this without great fear and danger," says Ella faintly.

"I know nothing of the kind. This determination of yours to shut yourself away from the world is only a species of madness, and it will grow upon you. Supposing that man found you, what could he do?"

"Oh, don't, don't," says she faintly. She covers her eyes with her hand. Then suddenly she takes them down and looks at him. "You have never felt fear," says she. She says this quickly, reproachfully, almost angrily; but through all the anger and reproach and haste there runs a thread of admiration. "But I have. And I tell you if—that man—were to see me again—were to come here and order me to go away with him—I should not dare to refuse."

"He knows better than to come here," says Wyndham curtly. "You may dispose of that fear."

"Ah," says she, sighing. "You don't know him."

"I know—if not him individually—his class," says Wyndham confidently. "Give up, I counsel you, this secrecy of yours. See what it has brought upon you to-day. And these insults will continue. I warn you"—he looks at her with a frowning brow—"I warn you they will continue."

"She," Ella looks at him timidly. "You think she will come again?"

"Mrs. Prior?"—contemptuously. "No! But there will be others. What do you think people are saying?"

"Saying of me?" She looks frightened. "They have heard about that night at the Professor's?" questioned she. She looks now almost on the verge of fainting. "Your aunt—she—did she know—she said nothing."

"No. She knows nothing of that," says Wyndham hurriedly. After all, it is impossible to explain to her. But Miss Manning will know. She will know what to say.

"She only saw me in the tree," says the girl, with a voice that is now half-sobbing. "And then she thought you—that I—Oh!" more wretchedly still—"I don't know what she thought! But—trembling—"I wish I had never climbed into that tree."

"Because she happened to see you—never mind that. She's got eyes in the back of her head. No one could escape her," says he, touched by her agitation.

"I am not thinking of her," says Ella proudly—making a gesture that might almost be called imperious. "I am only vexed because you are angry with me about it. But—eagerly—"I never thought anyone would find me out, and I did so want to see what you—what—"

quickly correcting herself and coloring faintly—"you were all doing in the Rectory garden."

"If you want so much and so naturally," says he, "to see your fellow people, why didn't you accept Susan's invitation? It would have prevented all this."

"I know. But I couldn't," says she, hanging her pretty head. "You know I tried it once, and it was only when I got back again here—here into this safe, safe place—that I knew how frightened I had been all the time. And you may remember how I fancied then, on my return, that I had seen—"

She stops as if unable to go on.

"I know. I remember. But that was a mere hallucination, I am sure. You must try to conquer such absurd fears. Promise me you will try."

"I will try," cries she impulsively. She holds out to him her hand, and he takes it. "I will indeed. You have been so good to me that I ought to do something for you. But all the same," shaking her head, "I know you are vexed with me about this."

"For your sake only. This abominable visit of my aunt's, for example—"

"Yes. About the girl you—"

She stops and withdraws her hand.

"I thought I had explained that," says he, with a laugh. "But what troubles me is the thought that you may be again annoyed in this way. Not by her, I shall see about that," with force. "But there may be others. And of course your welfare is—"

he checks himself—"of some consequence to me."

"Is it?" She has grown cold too. "Your aunt's welfare must be something to you as well."

"Do you mean by that—that you don't think I am on your side?" She lifts her heavy lids and looks at him.

"You told me that my affairs were nothing to you. That they did not concern you in the smallest degree."

"Was that—some time ago?"

"Yes. Almost at first."

"Don't you think it is a little vindictive to visit one's former utterances upon one now?"

"I don't know."

"Well, good-bye," says he quickly. He turns, wounded more than he could have believed it possible to be by a girl who is positively nothing to him. Nothing! He quite insists on this as he goes down the path.

But now—what is this? Swift feet running after him; a small eager hand upon his arm. "Mr. Wyndham! Don't go away like this. If I have offended you I am sorry. I—I—"

Her lips begin to tremble now, and the eyes that are uplifted to his are dim. "I am dreadfully sorry. Oh! don't go away like this! Forgive me!" Suddenly she bursts into tears. "Do forgive me!"

"Forgive! If it is you who have to forgive," stammers he. "Ella!"

He has laid his hand upon hers to draw them from her eyes, but with a sudden movement she breaks from him and runs back to the house. At the door, however, she stops and glances back at him, and he can see that her face is radiant now, though her eyes are still wet with their late tears.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" cries she. She raises both her hands to her lips and in the prettiest, the most graceful fashion, flings him a last farewell. This manner of hers is new to him. It is full, not only of friendliness, but of the joy of one who has been restored once more to happiness.

Not a Ghost of a Doubt

As to its irreproachable value

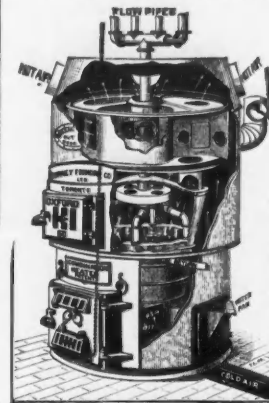
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On the avenue of Crosby Park Wyndham meets the master of it, who has plainly been strolling this way with a view to meeting him on his return.

"Well!" says Crosby. Then seeing the other's face. "Is she right then?"

"You were. She had made her way in, and insulted the poor child in the most violent way."

"I felt sure she was up to mischief," says Crosby, coloring hotly; he, too, is conscious of strong resentment. That anyone should go from his house to deliberately annoy a girl—a young girl, and one so sadly circumstanced—makes his usually easy-going blood boil. "I thought her manner to you at breakfast was over suave. Well?"

"There is hardly anything to tell you. That she was there, that she spoke as few women would have had the heart to do, is all I am sure of. No. This more. That that poor child, thank God, didn't understand half of her vile insinuations. I could see so much. But she was cut to the heart for all that. If you could have seen her face, so white, so frightened, I tell you this, Crosby—"

He never told him, however. He broke off short—as if not able to trust his voice, and Crosby, after one sharp glance at him, bestowed all his attention on the gravel at his feet. And as he waited for the other to recover his serenity, he shook his head over the whole affair. Yes, this was always the end of this sort of thing. If Wyndham didn't know it he did. Wyndham was desperately in love with this "wait" of his—with this girl who had sprung out of nowhere—who had been flung upon his hands out of the angry tide of life. Presently, seeing Wyndham continuing silent, as if lost in a train of thought, he breaks in:

"How did you know Mrs. Prior was there?"

"From herself."

"What! You met her?"

"Just outside the gate."

"And," Crosby here shows signs of hopeful joy, "had it out with her?"

"Oa the spot. She denied nothing. Rather led the attack. One has but a poor vengeance with women, Crosby, but at all events she knows what I think of her. Of course there is an end to all pretence of friendship with her in the future, and I am glad of it."

"I hope you didn't say too much," says Crosby, rather taken aback by the sullen rage on the other's brow.

"How could I do that? If it had been a man—"

"She might well congratulate herself that she isn't, if she could only see your eyes at this moment," says Crosby, laughing in spite of himself. "But she'll make mischief out of this, Paul, I'm afraid." He is silent a moment, and then—

"Your uncle is still bent, I suppose, on your marriage with her daughter?"

"Yes, rather a bore," says Wyndham, frowning. "I don't like to disappoint the old man."

"You mean?"

"That I should not marry Josephine Prior if my accession to a throne depended upon it."

"So bad as that?"

"Is what so bad as that?" struck by a meaning in the other's tone.

"Why—your infatuation for your tenant."

"My— . . . Oh, of course I might have known you would come to look at it like that," says Wyndham, shrugging his shoulders. With another man he might have been offended. But it is hard to be offended with Crosby. "Still, you are a sort of fellow one

might trust to take a broader view of things."

"What broader do you want me to take?" begins Crosby, slightly amused. "But to get back to our argument—mine, rather. I think it will be bad for you if you quarrel with Shaggy over this matter. The title, of course, must be yours—but barren honors are hardly worth getting. And he may leave his money away from you. You have told me before that that he has immense sums in his hands to dispose of—and much of the property is not entailed. You should think, Paul. You should think."

He was the last man in the world to think, himself, on such an occasion as this.

"I have thought."

"You mean?"

"I don't know what I mean," says Wyndham, then, with sudden impatience. "Is love necessary to marriage?"

Crosby laughs.

"Is marriage necessary at all?" says he. "Why not elect to do as I do, live and die a jolly old bachelor?"

"Ah! I don't believe in you," says Paul with a rather mirthless smile. "If I went in for that state of life, depending on you as a companion, I should find myself left—sooner or later."

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"Well, then," says Crosby, who has no prejudices, "why not marry her?"

"Her?"

"Your tenant—this charming, unhappy, pretty girl, who, believe me, Wyndham, growing suddenly grave, "I regard as much as you do, with the very deepest respect," Crosby has his charm.

"You go too far," says Wyndham, looking a little agitated, however. "I am not in love with her, as you seem to imagine." Crosby smothered a smile, as in duty bound. "And, besides, even if I did desire to marry her, how could I do it? It would kill Shaggy with his queer old-fashioned ideas. . . . A girl with no name. . . . And our name—so old—. It would kill him, I tell you. And! And besides all that, George, I don't care for her, and she doesn't care for me. . . . not in that way."

"Well, you are the best judge of that," says Crosby. "And if it is as you say, I am sorry you ever saw her. She has brought you into a decidedly *risque* situation. And she is too good-looking to get out of it—or you, either, without scandal."

"You have seen her?" Wyndham's face is full of rather angry enquiry.

"My dear fellow! Don't eat me! We all saw her yesterday, if you come to think of it, in that tree of hers. You may remember that ass Jones's remarks about a Hamadryad."

"Oh, yes, of course. And you thought—" "To tell you the truth," says Crosby, "I thought her the very image of—Don't hit a little one, Wyndham! But I did think her more like Mrs. Prior than even Mrs. Prior's own daughter is."

"What absurd nonsense! And yet, now I remember it, she—Ella—Miss Moore said she felt as if she had seen Mrs. Prior before."

"That's odd. And yet not so odd as it seems. Many families totally unrelated to each other are often very much alike; I daresay Mrs. Prior and Miss Moore's mother, though in different ranks of life, might have possessed features of the same type and natures very similar, too. Same features, same manners, you know, very often."

"That ends the argument for me," says Wyndham with a frown. "Miss Moore's manners are as far removed from my aunt's, and as far above them as is possible."

He brushes rather hurriedly past his friend. But his friend forgives him. He stands, indeed, in the middle of the avenue, staring after Wyndham's vanishing form.

"And to think he doesn't know he is in love with her," says he at last. "Any fellow might know when he was in love with a woman. Well! with a friendly sigh of deep regret, 'I am afraid it will cost him a good deal.'"

(To be Continued.)

Try, Try Again.

Good Housekeeping.

Steaming an old fowl before roasting, not adding the stuffing till it goes in the oven; but putting a few sticks of celery inside to flavor it.

Adding a little vinegar to the water in which salt fish is soaked.

Soaking salt fish in sour milk to freshen them.

A palette knife for scraping kettles.

Three teaspoonfuls of kerosene in the boiler in washing clothes.

For sewer gas, chloride of lime.

For disagreeable odors, a pinch of sulphur on a hot stove.

Covering a dish table with zinc.

Keeping steel knives from rusting by dipping in strong soda water, wiping, rolling in flannel and laying in a dry place.

Simmering rice flour and water together for a cement.

A clam shell for scraping kettles.

A little copperas water and salt in white-wash.

Washing an ink stain in strong salt water, then sponging with lemon juice.

A canton flannel knife-case stitched into compartments.

To banish rats, chloride of lime.

Sweetening wooden or iron ware, by scalding in hot water and hay.

Shaking black calico in salt and water before washing.

Cayenne pepper for ants.

Making His Silence Felt

Washington Star.

"Who is that sour-looking man who is always sitting on that stove-box doing nothing?" asked the drummer.

"He's the man who knows all about how ter settle every trouble that the country gits inter," replied the native, with an admiring glance.

"But why doesn't he get up and hustle, then?"

"He's mad," was the awe-stricken whisper.

"He's told Congress and the President and everybody how to do things and they ain't pay no 'tention to 'im, an' now he's jes' settin' in silence an' lettin' the country go ter pot."

His Future Assured.

Truth.

First Statesman—How on earth did you gain all your popularity?

Second Statesman—Why, you see, it was this way: when men asked me for my candid opinion about themselves, I gave them my candid opinion; and when they asked me for my candid opinion about their friends, I gave them my pickled opinion. Popularity followed as a matter of course.

Insult to Injury.

New York World.

"I could stand all his ill-treatment," moaned the bruised and beaten wife.

"I would say nothing about this awful bump he has raised on my head. But—"

And here she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"He has not got it on straight!"

She signed the complaint.

Uncommon Salt.

The average man contains in his system one pound of common salt. Windsor Table Salt is not common, it's uncommon; pure, sparkles like crystal. The best. Ask for it.

Books and Authors.

GIVE portraits this week of the editors of the leading American comic papers, as a great many people will be interested in the personalities behind the fun of the funny weeklies. Henry Cuyler Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, is a rushing business man, yet a poet and idealist. He is not forty years of age and has been a literary writer of more or less consequence since he was twenty. He has published two volumes of verse. Mr. J. M. Gregory, editor of *Judge*, has worked himself up from a reporter's place on the daily press to his present position, which he has held since 1885. Mr. J. A. Mitchell, editor of *Life*, began as an architect and studied art in Paris for many years.



Mr. H. C. Bunner, Editor of *Puck*.

On returning to New York he became convinced that a high-class, artistic, satirical weekly would prove a success, and his friends agreed with him. In my opinion *Life* stands alone in the lead among artistic humorous papers printed in English. Mr. Pete McArthur, editor of *Truth*, is a Canadian who attended Toronto University for a couple of terms, but was seduced away by his love of literature. He first occupied a place on the staff of the *Mail* in this city, and later went to New York, where he made jokes for the comic papers. He has also studied the art of play-making and may be heard from in this connection. Many of us who know Mr. McArthur personally, esteem



Mr. J. M. Gregory, Editor of *Judge*.

him for his character and admire him for his talents, and were greatly pleased a month ago when he was offered and accepted the editorship of *Truth*.

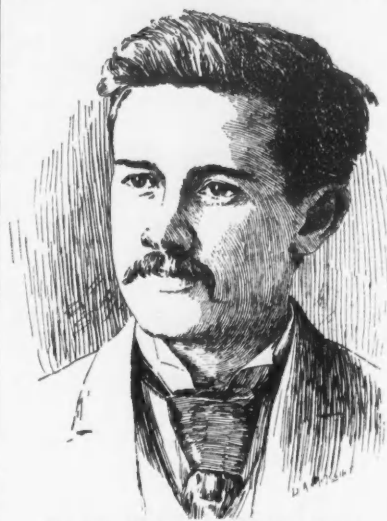
The future status of woman is causing considerable discussion the world over, and one of the most thorough onslaughts upon the asserted equality of woman with man is that just made by Mr. Thomas Case, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, in the *Fortnightly Review*. Professor Case's method of proceeding to his point is rather ingenious. He does not come out openly and aver that woman is inferior to man intellectually, but that she is "different." Women have not the massive frame of Sir Isaac Newton, therefore "I do



Mr. J. A. Mitchell, Editor of *Life*.

not believe that it is wise to expect a book like the *Principia* from a woman, or prudent so to tax her frail body as even to educate her to write it." Furthermore, women have certain talents which cannot be denied. "The gift of imitation makes them good actresses, good players on instruments, good copyists of paintings. The gift of eloquence makes them astonishingly good speakers at public meetings, and I fancy a woman would preach a melting, though perhaps lengthy, sermon. At any rate, that unfortunate product of our times, the modern novel, proves that women possess a facile and fatal flux of words, a feminine delight in all the foolish sentimental affectations of modern literary style, and a childish belief that a novel is the proper place for discussing all the most difficult problems of morals and politics, religion and the universe, mixed up with the latest fashions and

the unimportant affairs of unimportant people." In deference to woman's artistic nature, Professor Case admits that "women tend to excel rather in the arts than in the sciences, and, as a consequence of their imitative and rhetorical powers, rather in performance than in composition. In music, for example, women have long been educated like men; yet we find the most fundamental difference. The music a woman composes is almost always a poor and weak imitation of some classical composer."



Mr. Pete McArthur, Editor of *Truth*.

The music a woman performs is usually quite too delightful."

The brilliant editor, whose Public Men of To-day series has made such a very opportune start with *The Ameer*, Li-Hung-Chang, and Stambuloff, was noted at school and at Oxford for his ready wit. When he was a little boy at Uppingham he was detected at a Greek Testament lesson with a Bible on his knee, from which of course he was cribbing. His class master stalked up to him. "What have you there, my boy?" The boy, seeing that no escape was possible, brazened it out with, "A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed." He, too, is credited with the famous reply to the Dean of Trinity College, Oxford. He (if it was he) was being hauled up by the Dean for some audacious breach of College rules, and made a perfectly glib and satisfactory excuse. "No, no, sir," said the Dean; "that won't do this time. You told me the exact opposite last term." "I know I did," said the culprit, "but that was a lie."

J. R. WYE.

A Versatile Beast.



Fisher—Fine horse you've got there, Dick. What does he live on?



Dick—Oh, most anything that comes his way.

R. S. V. P.

She was young—so young!—and rushed excitedly to the door in answer to the postman's well known ring. "Is that all?" she asked, tearing open the envelope; and when assured that it was, read the following invitation:

"My dear Miss Novice,—We should be glad to have you take luncheon with us on Thursday, the twentieth, at two o'clock."

R. s. v. p. "Most cordially," "May Hudson," "I suppose," she mused thoughtfully, "that means repeat served very precisely."

An Interesting Anniversary.

Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Watts—Why were you not at the church Thursday night?

Mrs. Potts—I was out of the city. What was going on?

Mrs. Watts—We celebrated the silver anniversary of the boy evangelist's work in the missionary field. Oh, we had a lovely time.

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity those old foes, scrofula and consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

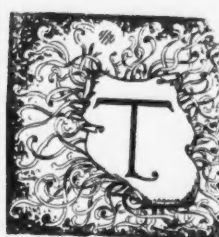
Their Way of Thinking.

Truth.

Mrs. Bighead—Women do just as much thinking as men.

Pertly—Yes; but they dilute their thoughts terribly with words.

The Ontario Game Laws.



THE new Chief Game Warden, Mr. E. Tinsley, has evidently got down to business, as we have received from him a print of the Ontario Game Laws, with the latest amendments underlined in red ink for easy reference. It may be well to quote here, for the benefit of sportsmen, some of the law as it stands, pointing out, however, that the full clauses are not quoted, but merely the salient points:

II.—(1) No deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed between the fifteenth day of November and the first day of November of the following year; but the period hereinbefore limited shall not, as to moose, elk, reindeer or caribou, apply before or until the first day of November, 1900, and no moose, elk, reindeer or caribou shall be hunted, taken or killed before the twenty-fifth day of October, 1900.

(2) . . . and any hound or dog found running deer between the fifteenth day of November and the first day of November following may be killed on sight by any person, and the person killing such hound or dog shall not be liable to any penalty or damages therefor.

(3) No one person shall during any one year or season kill or take more in all than two deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou.

(4) No common carrier, or other person, shall transport or have in possession for that purpose, in this Province, after the same has been killed, any wild deer or the raw skin thereof, or any venison, save only from the first day of November to the twenty-second day of November in each year, unless accompanied by an affidavit that the same was hunted and taken during the open season.

III.—(1) (a) It shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill or destroy, or to pursue with such intent, any grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl or partridge, woodcock, snipe, rail, plover, or any other water fowl or other game-bird or animal (including black and gray squirrels, and hares) not herein otherwise provided for, at any time between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of September in the following year.

(b) Or any quail or wild turkeys between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October of the following year.

(c) Or any swans or geese at any time between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of the following month of September.

(d) Or ducks of all kinds at any time between the fifteenth day of December and the first day of the following month of September.

(4) The possession of guns, decoys or other implements of shooting or hunting at a time and in places where the game-birds or animals above named are usually found shall be *prima facie* evidence of pursuit thereof with intent to catch, kill or destroy the same.

IV.—(2) No person shall kill or shoot at any bird or wild fowl protected by this Act, between half an hour after sunset and half an hour before sunrise.

(4) No person shall have in his possession any of the said hereinbefore mentioned animals or birds, no matter where procured, or any part or portion of any such animals or birds, during the periods in which they are so protected; provided that they may be exposed for sale for five days, and no longer, after such periods, and may be had in possession for the private use of the owner and his family at any time, but in all cases the proof of the time of killing, taking or purchasing shall be on the person so in possession.

(5) No person shall by himself, his servant, clerk or agent, expose or keep for sale, or directly or indirectly, upon any pretense, or device, sell or barter, or in consideration of the purchase of any other property, give to any other person any snipe, woodcock or partridge, no matter where killed or procured, before the fifteenth day of September, 1897, or any quail or wild turkey before the fifteenth day of October, 1897.

VI.—(1) No person shall at any time, hunt, take, or kill any deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, ducks of all kinds and any other game-bird or animal for the purpose of exporting the same or export the same out of Ontario.

(2) But any person not a resident and domiciled in the Province who has for any year been granted a license under the provisions of section 14 of this Act and paid the fee therefor, shall so far as the authority of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario extends, be at liberty to export out of the Province the two deer which under the provisions of this Act he is allowed to kill.

XIV.—(1) No person not a resident and domiciled in the Province of Ontario or Quebec shall be entitled to hunt, take, kill, wound or destroy any moose, elk, reindeer, caribou, or other deer, otter, sable, beaver, or any other game animal or bird referred to in this Act, or any other bird or animal, whether protected by this Act or not, without having first obtained a license in that behalf; every such license shall be signed by the chief fish and game warden and countersigned by the Provincial Secretary or his Deputy and shall be in force for one season only, and shall be subject to the provisions of the game laws in force in the Province at the time the said license was granted; the fee to be paid therefor shall be \$25 and shall be payable to the Provincial Treasurer to be applied to the expenses incurred in carrying out the provisions of the game laws. Such license shall not be valid unless the signature of the person to whom it is issued is endorsed thereon.

(3) Any non-resident who shall obtain a license to hunt in Ontario pursuant to the

provisions of this section, shall, notwithstanding anything to the contrary in this Act contained, be at liberty to take with him out of the Province fifty ducks or any less number lawfully hunted and taken by him; provided that before so doing he shall obtain from the chief warden or any of the wardens a permit authorizing him so to do; and such permits shall only be granted on satisfactory evidence being furnished that the ducks to be covered by the permit applied for were actually hunted and taken by the applicant in person.

XXII.—All guns, nets, decoys and ammunition found in the possession of violators of the law shall be confiscated and sold by public auction.

XXIII.—One half of every fine collected under the provisions of this Act shall be paid to the prosecutor or person on whose evidence a conviction is made.

XXX.—(1) No person shall at any time shoot, hunt, take or kill any partridge, prairie fowl, quail, woodcock, snipe, wild turkey or other bird or fowl whatsoever within the boundaries of the Rondeau Provincial Park.

"GOOD NAME"

in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls."

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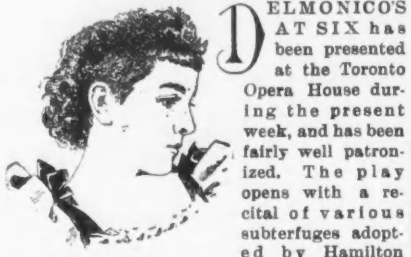
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROP'S.

VOL. VIII TORONTO, AUG. 31 1895. No. 41

The Drama.



CLARK, M.D., to awaken feelings of jealousy concerning himself in his wife's heart, employing an actress, Miss Trixie Hazelmere, as the exciting cause. Various complications ensue, more or less amusing, and the crisis may be said to arise when Dr. Clark, having left a forged invitation from Trixie to dine at Delmonico's at Six where it would be likely to fall into his wife's hands, finds himself at the appointed place with a friend and that Trixie and one of her admirers are also there. Mrs. Clark's arrival during the temporary absence of everyone except Trixie and her husband renders it difficult for the latter to convince his wife that the invitation was a forgery and not a genuine one. However, the ever useful friend turns up and gains possession of the letter, and in some inexplicable manner the fact that it has passed into his hands promptly restores peace and harmony. The most noteworthy feature of the play is the readiness of every member of the cast at a moment's warning or without any warning at all, to drop all idea of prosecuting the business on hand and commence to sing. Songs are introduced promiscuously and without any effort to have them fit into the progress of the story, which necessarily becomes disjointed and the play depends for its attractiveness altogether upon the individual efforts—ebullitions would be a more suitably descriptive term, having regard to the character of their introduction—of the performers. Mr. Stine gave a very good representation of a jovial doctor, but Mr. C. F. Jerome might have made much more out of the part of Captain Holland than he did; the audience, however, either didn't notice the deficiency or did not think it important. Mr. George T. Williams evidently considered that the chief beauty of the songs allotted to the part of Montague MacPounders, the strong man, lay in the music, for he was careful that no one in the audience should hear the words. But, in spite of this drawback, if such it really be, he looked becomingly "tough," and the gods yelled approvingly. Of the ladies, Miss Ollie Evans as Trixie Hazelmere naturally attracted the most attention, which was evidently not altogether unexpected, judging from the robust liberality with which she displayed her personal charms, with which it must be confessed she is well supplied. The effect of her singing was sadly marred, however, by a bad habit of audibly drawing in her breath; this is a small matter, perhaps, but little things count nowadays, and proper management of the breath is the ABC of the study of elocution. Notwithstanding this defect, her songs were loudly applauded and deservedly so. Her singing of My Little Irish Love (by Mr. Charles R. Palmer of this city) was particularly well received. A quartette of the ladies sang very acceptably, but the dancing was scarcely up to the average. Skirt dancing, as a science, would seem to be well nigh exhausted, and fame and fortune await the adventurous actress who will introduce really new and striking features that will be remarkable for their artistic beauty, and at the same time, of course, keep well within the bounds of decency. The balance of the support may, without injustice, be passed over without comment. The piece altogether is well put on; it belongs to the same school of farce-comedy as A Trip to Chinatown, and the plot is not intended to hold public interest, but the specialties constitute the attraction.

Monday evening will mark a new era in the theatrical business in Toronto, for on that night the new Princess Theater will be opened. Mr. Frederick Warde and his company being the attraction. Four different plays will be put on during the week, each staged superbly. For Monday and Tuesday evenings the new play, Runnymede, or Robin Hood and His Merry Men, is announced. It is from the pen of William Greer Harrison, F.R.G.S., and has only been performed for one week, when, in San Francisco last February, Mr. Warde gave it an experimental production which proved it so worthy that he has since devoted much time and expense to perfecting its details and has made it the principal feature of his current season's repertoire. As its name implies, Runnymede has for its main theme the historical incident of the wrestling of Magna Charta by the Barons of England from King John, the final signing of which occurred at Runnymede Meadow, on the banks of the River Thames. Interwoven with this historical plot is the story of Robin Hood and his bold followers of Sherwood Forest, and the love interest is furnished by the wooing between Robin Hood and Maid Marian. There are twenty speaking characters in the play, and an auxiliary force of thirty more is employed, filling the stage with animated pictures of sylvan life in the England of the thirteenth century. Wednesday

day and Thursday evenings will be devoted to Henry Guy Carlton's romantic drama, The Lion's Mouth, the scene of which is laid in Venice during the time of the doges, when the City on the Sea was at the height of her grandeur and power. This play has proved the success of the past decade among legitimate productions, and its representation by Mr. Warde and his company has added largely to the reputation of the organization throughout the United States. Friday night, Damon and Pythias, and Saturday night The Mountebank will receive representation. Both are standard dramas with the leading roles of which Mr. Warde is peculiarly identified. For the matinee Saturday, which will be the only afternoon performance of the engagement, Runnymede will be repeated.

After two weeks of farce-comedy at the Toronto Opera House we are to have two weeks of comedy drama, which is about the proper thing to put on during the Exhibition. Dan McCarthy is a favorite in Toronto and will prove an especial favorite with the visitors to the Fair. Since the death of Dion Boucicault, the mental collapse of W. J. Scanlan and the reported retirement of Joseph Murphy, we have no exponent of legitimate Irish character except Dan McCarthy. He, on the stage, is a cheery, humorous Irish boy, with a ready wit, a good song and a pretty colleen. There are some who do not care for Irish dramas, but the great mass of people like nothing better and will have a good opportunity of indulging their taste, for Mr. McCarthy will give no less than nineteen performances during the period of the Fair, opening with a special Labor Day matinee on Monday. Ladies and children need not hesitate to attend, for the most fastidious can find nothing to object to in any play written or staged by Dan McCarthy. He writes all his own plays and songs, and anyone who knows anything of theatrical matters has heard of his The Cruiskeen Lawn, Dear Irish Boy, True Irish Hearts, McCarthy's Cat, The Greenhorn, The Rambler from Clare, and The Pride of Mayo. These are the plays that have made him rich and famous. I personally know many better actors whom I would pass by any day to see Dan McCarthy, the brother of a boy, ready for a fight or a song, or a flirtation, or whatever luck may send his way. It was wise of Manager Small to secure Mr. McCarthy for the two weeks of the Fair, and the compliment paid the actor is great, for I do not remember any previous occasion when an actor held the boards of that house for two weeks.

The sale of seats began on Friday morning at the Grand for Sol Smith Russell's performances during the two weeks of the Fair. Mr. Russell and his company have been in Toronto for a fortnight rehearsing an Everyday Man, a comedy written specially for this unique actor by Miss Merrington of New York, who has written other well known comedies. Miss Merrington has also been in the city attending rehearsals and stopping at the Queen's, having come directly to Toronto from Europe, where she had been traveling during the summer. To put it figuratively, it was decided, in regard to the new play, to try it on the dog, and so it is being presented in London and Hamilton, Friday and Saturday evenings, before the Toronto engagement opens with it Monday evening. I am assured by critics who attended rehearsal, however, that Miss Merrington has produced a very clever comedy and that Mr. Russell is delightful in the leading role. This new play will run until Thursday evening, when Sheridan's great comedy, The Rivals, will be put on. For this play six special sets of scenery have been painted by Mr. F. A. Thompson of Boston, and Mr. Russell stakes his reputation on the statement that this will be the first time that The Rivals will have been adequately staged in America. As to what sort of a Bob Acres he will make, he leaves us to conjecture until we see, for ourselves. In another column I have reproduced the epilogue written by Sheridan for The Rivals in 1775, and think it will possess interest for many. It is not necessary to say that Sol Smith Russell has no living rival in his line of droll, pathetic comedy, for those who have seen him once are walking and talking advertisements for the rare comedian.

Shakespeare's pastoral comedy, As You Like It, was presented in the open air on the lawn of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, on Tuesday evening. Julia Stuart played Rosalind; Charles Hagar took the part of Orlando; Fred Wren, Touchstone; Theodore Hamilton, Jacques; C. F. Montaine, the Duke, and Miss Anna Francosch, Celia. As You Like It is peculiarly adapted for open air presentation and was a great success at Saratoga two seasons ago. It caused quite a social stir at Niagara on Tuesday evening.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music School of Elocution, who is now in Europe, is spending most of his vacation in London and Paris gathering new material for the coming session of the school. Upon his return he will introduce several new features of special interest to those of elocutionary and dramatic ambitions. According to the calendar just issued by the Conservatory the next session of the elocution department opens on Tuesday, September 24.

Mr. Smedley, the well known guitar and banjo teacher, is taking a holiday at Martha's Vineyard, Buzzard's Bay, in company with Mr. J. Lewis Browne. Mr. Smedley will return in time to resume his classes the first week of September.

As a Personal Favor.

"Mr. Scribble," said the magnate to the young barrister, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scribble, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief. "What can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate firmly, "is about to bring an action for damages against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their counsel."

Miss Willard asks: "Why can't men be beautiful? I: is pretty hard to be beautiful and good too."

In the Open Air.

THE Hamilton Jockey Club will hold a Gymkhana on the race track in that city on Saturday, October 5, and it promises to be a highly amusing affair. It will not be a race meeting but simply an afternoon of amusement. There will be a Flat Race and a Steeplechase open to green mounts, riders to be members of the Club and to weigh not less than 140 lbs.; there will be an animal race, the riders to be boys of fifteen and under, relatives of club members and nominated by members, the animals to be allotted to the boys by lot. One of the best items on the programme will be the Nomination Race, in which ladies will nominate members of the Club who will require to compete. "Competitors will start at west end of the turn, gallop 1/2 mile to judge's stand, dismount and receive and put on a sun-bonnet handed them by their nominators, mount, gallop 1/2 of a mile, dismount and put on a garment which will be hanging on a line; re-mount and ride

Americans seemed so bright, and the team is certain to give a good account of itself."

The big thing at the Wanderers' meet was the tandem work of McCarthy and McIntosh, who ran away from the Chicago cracks. They repeated the performance very neatly at Stratford. Loughheed of Sarnia could not get down to business at all on the Island, but found his pace again at Stratford. He should be induced to return here.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

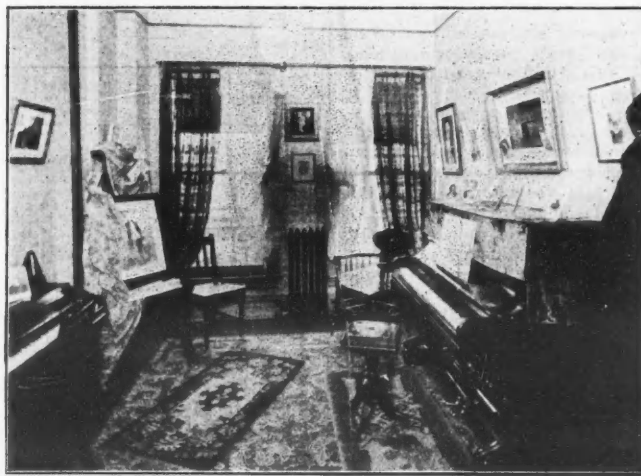
WE have pleasure in presenting to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT a portrait of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, who is well known as one of the most prominent of the talented school of younger musicians who have of recent years selected Toronto as their permanent field of labor. Mr. Forsyth at an early age gave many indications of musical talent of an unusually high order, which was carefully cultivated under the foremost instructors then resident in Toronto. In



Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

to judge's stand wearing sun-bonnet and garment." There will also be a Walking Race open to members and their wives, sisters or daughters. Horses will do the walking, however. The conditions of the Ginger Ale Race are as follows: "1. Stand to the horse; 2. light cigar; 3. open umbrella; 4. mount; 5. ride to turning point (200 yards); 6. dismount; 7. shut umbrella and place same under one arm; 8. uncork and drink bottle of ginger ale; 9. open umbrella; 10. mount and return carrying umbrella and smoking cigar. Competitors must furnish their own umbrellas and cigars. There will be an open hurdle race for green horses, 150 lbs. up, a hurdle race and a potato race. The Thirteenth Band will be in attendance and a capital afternoon should be spent. The committee of management is as follows: J. S. Hendrie (chairman), C. K. Donville, A. T. Duncan, H. P. Heming, W. E. Boyd, P. D.

1886 he left for Germany, in which country he continued his musical studies under the instruction of such eminent masters as Professor Martin Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn and others, returning to Canada in 1889. Mr. Forsyth enjoyed the additional advantage of a special course of study under Professor Julius Epstein of Vienna during the summer of 1891, when he again visited Europe for a short season. With the thorough grounding obtained under some of the most famous of living teachers, supported as it had been by exceptional natural gifts and serious study, Mr. Forsyth's position in Toronto as a piano teacher and composer was assured immediately upon his return to his native land. At present he occupies the following responsible positions, namely: That of director of the Metropolitan School of Music (Ltd.), teacher of piano at Miss Veals' School for Young Ladies, Glen Mahr, Spadina avenue, and



Mr. Forsyth's Study.

Crerar, C. W. Ricketts, W. A. Spratt and W. Hendrie, Jr., the latter two acting as hon. secretaries. A lot of Toronto people will no doubt be attracted.

Next week will be the biggest cricket week in the history of Canada, and it is safe to say that lovers of the game from all parts of Ontario will be present. Visitors will be able to take in the Exhibition as well as these great cricket matches at Rosedale. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Canadian eleven will play against the United States, and on Thursday and Friday against Cambridge University. I find that altogether the Canadian team as selected gives more general satisfaction than in any year within my recollection.

It is generally understood that the full Canadian eleven as originally selected will play the team going on the field being as follows: Mr. F. W. Terry (captain) of London; Messrs. P. C. Goldingham, D. W. Saunders, J. M. Loxing, W. B. Wadsworth and M. Boyd of Toronto; Messrs. A. Gillespie and A. F. R. Martin of Hamilton; Messrs. H. G. Wilson and F. S. Jacques of Winnipeg and Mr. M. G. Bristowe of Ottawa. Much interest is being taken in the practice match against a picked fifteen, and all local games have been cancelled.

Rod Random, the sporting editor of the Chatam Banner, referring to the team selected to represent Canada in international cricket, says: "The team is an unusually strong one in bowling, and especially so in batting. Never before have Canada's chances for winning from the

teacher of piano and harmony at Moulton Ladies' College, Bloor street east. In addition to the duties connected with the various appointments mentioned, Mr. Forsyth maintains an elegantly furnished studio for private teaching at Messrs. Nordheimer's, King street east, a cut of a portion of which is presented herewith. The success of his piano pupils as evidenced in the recitals given by them from time to time, furnishes the best possible illustration of his ability as an instructor of the highest skill and his conscientiousness in caring for the finer details of technique, expression and style generally. As a musical critic Mr. Forsyth has also earned an enviable reputation, having for several years past contributed regularly to the columns of The Week in this capacity.

Only One Properly Equipped

Chicago Post.

"Here's a match!" exclaimed the first sweet girl when they had reached their room after an evening spin on the boulevard. "Now, who will light the gas?"

"Give the match to Mabel," replied the second sweet girl. "She's the only one in bloomers."

Points to Told.

Truth.

Working Bee—A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to-day.

Queen Bee—What did you do?

Working Bee—Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points.

The Rivals.

This is the Original Epilogue Written by Sheridan for The Rivals and Spoken at the Conclusion of the Play on its first Presentation in Drury Lane Theater, London, in 1775.

Ladies, for you, I heard our poet say,
He'd try to make some moral from his play,
"One moral's plain," cried I, "without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Thro' all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
Love glides the scene, and woman guides the plot.
From every rank obedience is our due;
Dye doubt!—the world's great stage shall prove it true.

The old, well skilled to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first—he'll ask his wife.
John Tru, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then—he'll just stop home to tell his dame.
The surly quire at noon resolves to sue,
And half the day—zounds, Madam is a fool!
Convinced at night, the varquish'd victor says,
"Ah, Kate! you women have such coaxing ways!"
The jolly toper chides each tarty blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each least he sees fair bumpers swim
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,
Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsey a pension here, there nods a place,
Nor with less awe in scenes of humbler life,
Is viewed the mistress, or is heard the wife.
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and he'll be told,
Early from radiant love's impetuous light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night;
Dear spark! thro' winter's chilling breeze,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wandering tar, who not for years has pressed
The widowed partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toll,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honor steeled to fear,
Droops on a sigh and sickens on a tear!

But ye more cautious, ye nice judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—review with deep regret
Our coxcombs married, and triumph incomplete,
Till polished wit more lasting charms disclose
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Shamed into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

Only a Child.

For Saturday Night.

I passed down a cheerful street, where the dull poor dwell,
And felt the sphere of the loneliest house—the poorest there
as well.

Lonely and poor, orphan'd and robbed, a mean crape hung
on the door;

And I waited there, with a wond'ring stare, for I heard
another's tread;

And I asked of the one who came, of the one who had gone
with the dead,

"Who has gone over the viewless border and Charon's river
wild?"

"Who?" said the stranger—the thoughtless stranger,
"Who? Why, only a child!"

Yes, that was all but the sombre pall and the flowers,
Tae drear and the gay, gave each in its way, in these sad,
empty hours,

He tale of the siege of a poor man's heart—of a word once
flame

That hallowed with its golden glory, each dull crevice of
the heart;

That shed its ray ere it fled away, and wreathed its waning
spark

In the fog and gloom of the awful tomb—and the light in
the flowers smiled,

For hope will rise to the topmost skies, tho' it cling to Only
a Child.

And what of the hush that falls? But one voice at rest.
And still are thousand tongues, rich in hope, to thee ad-
dressed:

One patting step has ceased, one smile gone up from earth
to heav'n;

One spot made bare, that with a baby's subtle love was
riven;

One niche made cheerless—empty of this smile, this un-
voiced love!

But the niche was all the heart—this empty, all is heart-
less, wild.

All the world is wild and widowed when the heart loses—
Only a Child.

A. JNO. CLAREN.

To Margaret—A Pearl.

LINES FOR A LADIES' ALBUM.

For Saturday Night.

Many search the ocean's depths
Anxiously for hidden store,
Robbing it of priceless gems,
Gathering, yet seeking more.
All could find, as I have found,
Richer pearl than divers get;
Every beauty, all of worth,
This I've found in Margaret.

Toronto, August 21, 1895. S. D.

Chanson d'Amour.

For Saturday Night.

Listen to me, darling, whilst the shades of evening fall;
And the dreamy stars of heaven gleam above,
Whilst the merry brooklet murmurs, as it ripples on its
way.

The sweetest, dearest melody of love.

Pray listen to me, darling, to the tale I have to tell;
The old, old tale which is forever new;
Nay, do not drop those lashes or pout those rosy lips;
For none shall hear my story, dear, but you.

I love you more than ever man has loved, on earth, before;
Your dark eyes haunt my dreams both night and day,
Your joyous smile of welcome is the sunshine of my life.
Oh! pity me, and do not say me nay.

For on your answer rests my life, my joy and peace of
mind,
The only dream of bliss that comes to men.
Unveil those dusky eyes and let me read my answer there,
Daring, I'm broke, ah! won't you lend me ten?

L. E. DYER.

Rosa Ripplery.

For Saturday Night.

In the forest and the wildwood
I have play'd since early childhood,
And have gather'd many roses in my day;
But I never saw a flower,
Or a blossom in the bower,
Half so beautiful as Rosa Ripplery!

Could a purer glow be sleeping,
Where the ocean nymph is weeping,
In the ruby lighted caverns of the sea,
Than the bluest light which flashes
Through the long soft silken lashes
Of the violet eyes of Rosa Ripplery!

For the sweetest that reposes
In the petals of the rose,
For the rub that in the coral caverns lay;
I am not as vainly fondled,
Nay! I'm dying by sweet Rosa Ripplery!

KATHERINE E. LEON.

Giving a Minister a Call.

WE are a congregation of Presbyterians true,
"Steadfast, unmovable," and
firm in everything we do,
We do not change our notions
as the winds that blow,
We just believe as Calvin did three hundred
years ago.

Our Church's a stately edifice of modern archi-
tecture,
Adorned with pinnacle and dome in style
beyond conjecture;
The stained glass windows softly dimmed,
God's glory passeth through,
From the hushed and holy calm you'd think
His presence dwelt there too.

On silken carpets worshippers pass swiftly up
the aisles,
On richly cushioned pews our saints a Sabbath
hour beguile,
By dosing while the preacher into depths of
logic delves,
Or listening to the gospel preached to each one
but themselves.

We have an organist and choir, a grand pipe
organ too,
You ought to hear the music, 'twould thrill
you through and through;
If the roof it ever passes and goes sweeping to
the skies,
'Twill shame the angels singing their songs in
Paradise.

Our elders, they rule well the church, at least
there's no complaints,
They've kept the faith committed to the keep-
ing of the saints;
Firm in the faith and orthodox, as any church
can need,
They'd rather far deny their Lord than e'er
deny their creed.

Our deacons, too, are Christian men, you can
see it in their faces,
Particularly on Sundays, if at church, and in
their places;
I've never known them guilty of a sin of
magnitude,
And I've found them just as careful to refrain
from doing good.

And the members, they are members, so full of
Christian zeal,
No sacrifice they would not make for their
church's weal;
Whenever they are seen of men, gigantic are
their labors,
And at contributing they are bound to beat
their Christian neighbors.

If they went down to Jericho, they went with
proper pride,
Along with Christian people, they took the
other side;
And our women, always ready for any service
meet,
If just the proper thing to do, would wash the
Saviour's feet.

We were fond of Bible studies, had conned its
every page,
And found the Golden Rule no use for the
present age;
With all our heart we loved the Lord, but hated
one another.

And called on God "Our Father," but on no
man as "our brother."

We once did have a minister, who in God's foot-
steps trod,
And in the presence of all men, like Enoch,
walked with God;
By precept and example many a lesson did he
give,
And to fit each one for dying, he taught each
how to live.

He never stopped to palter with evil in high
places,
But, fearless as Elijah, proclaimed it to their
faces,
And when, with might to crush him, the pow-
ers of evil rose,
Like Saul, when they stoned Stephen, we stood
and held their clothes.

He preached the Holy Bible truths, without
reserve and gammon;
Like us, he hadn't learned the way to worship
God and mammon;
Of policy to dandle sin he was sadly bereft;
We talked of peace when there was none, so
he got up and left.

Then wishing that the cause of Christ should
suffer not at all,
We hastened, prayerfully, to give a minister a
call.

Each Sabbath unctuous prayers went up, a
pastor we should get;
Though armed and winged with faith, these
prayers remain unanswered yet.

We've had the youths most promising just
fresh from Knox's College,
Well posted in theology and every other know-
ledge;
We've listened to Queen's honor men, fastidi-
ous as to creed,
And the brightest talent of McGill, more
learned than they need.

And also men who could not be considered over
young,
Of very wide experience and eloquent of tongue;
Even Scotland sent her quota and foreign
countries too,
I think they came from everywhere unless
'twas Timbuctoo.

Each anxious would-be Shepherd passed
through a cruel test,
Like schoolboys at their lessons, each "done
their level best";
We criticized their failings, and their faults
desired to learn,
And when you're bound to find them they are
easy to discern.

But of the host so many were we wouldn't have
as all,
For some were just a trifle short and some a
trifle tall,
And some were just a little young and some a
little old,
And some in manner were too warm and some
were far too cold.

But if among them there was one who suited
the whole town,
We were sure of opposition from good old
Bilder Brown;

The sermons were by far too short, or else by
far too long,
Or his teaching and theology were altogether
wrong.

Among them was a preacher with heart and
soul sincere,
And the people hung upon his words, and the
crowds came out to hear;
He told of God's undying love, and said that
all our needs
Were satisfied upon the cross and not by
human creeds.

He didn't talk theology, but spoke of Jesus'
love,
And said that duty's path ne'er led to brighter
realms above;
Like John the loved apostle, on love his ser-
mons ran,
And our love to God was measured by our love
to brother man.

But this practical religion, not orthodox in
plan,
Of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood
of Man,
It raised up such a ruction it set us back a year,
And even yet the orthodox will scarce come
out to hear.

If Paul would do our preaching we'd have lots
of fault to find,
And Peter wouldn't suit us—he's too apt to
speak his mind—
And the gentle loved apostle, who leaned on
Jesus' breast,
His gentle, loving teaching would be treated
as a jest.

No, an angel wouldn't suit us, though he spoke
with cloven tongue,
If he ever hinted Calvin might have been a
little wrong;
If Christ some Sabbath morning preached, I'm
sure 'twould cause a fuss,
He might do to preach to sinners, but he
couldn't preach for us.

So, I'm sure I cannot understand what we are
going to do,
I suppose this weary, wicked world we'll have
to shuffle through;
If the Lord would kindly take us, and land us
safe with Knox,
I think we might be happy there—if all are
orthodox.

F. F.
Leamington, Ont.

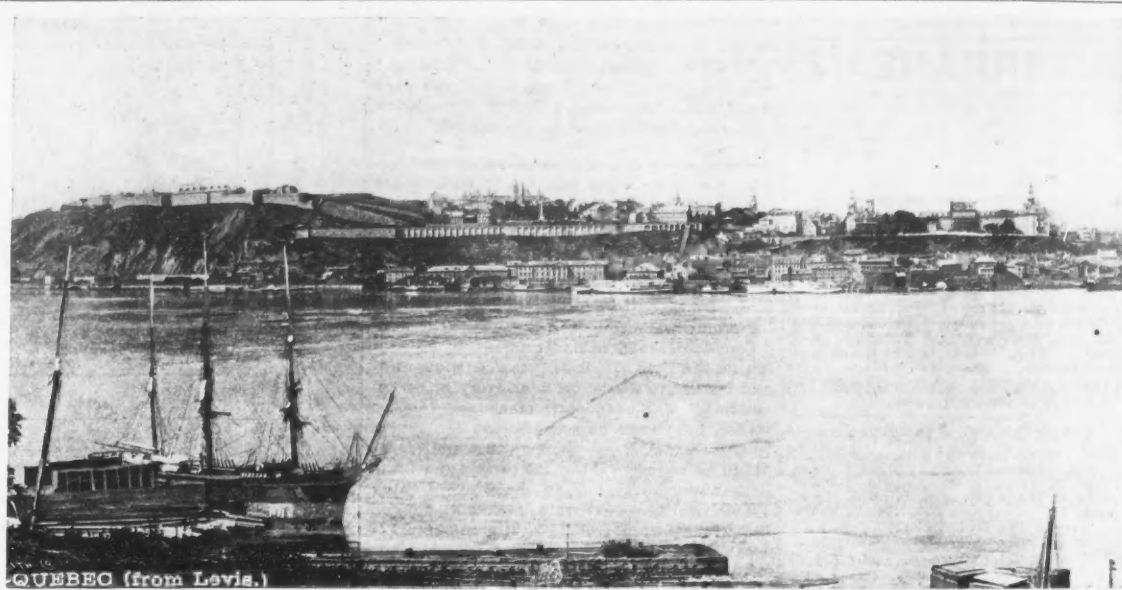
A Historic Ship.

BY GEORGE STEWART.

FEW ships in the British Service have
had such an eventful career as the
Alert, which, at the age of thirty-
seven years, has just gone out of
commission at Quebec, has been sold
to the junk dealers and will probably soon be
broken up. As a seventeen gun ship-rigged
sloop of 751 tons, fitted with small auxiliary
engines, she was launched from Pembroke
dockyard in the year 1857. In the following
year she sailed for the Pacific station, where,
after a brief interval, she spent two commis-
sions and established a reputation for excel-
lent sailing qualities. Returning to England
in 1868, and paying off at Devonport, she was
not again employed until early in 1875, when
the Lords of the Admiralty selected her for
service, with expeditions then being organized
at the instigation of the Royal Geographical
Society for a voyage to the Arctic regions.
The Discovery, a Dundee steam whaler, was
chosen as her consort. To make the Alert
suitable for this service she was considerably
strengthened; additional beams were intro-
duced, and an external sheathing of seven inch
teak put on; her bow also was additionally
fortified to stem the ice-floes; and for economy
of fuel, a more modern type of engine was
substituted for the older one.

The command of the Alert, as well as of the
expedition, was given to Captain George
Strong Nares, R. N., an officer of considerable
surveying experience and of high scientific at-
tainments, who was at the time in command
of H.M.S. Challenger on a scientific cruise
around the world. He was recalled from this
service and on May 29, 1875, the Alert and
Discovery, equipped with every modern re-
quirement, steamed out of Portsmouth
Harbor amidst the acclamations of many thou-
sands of spectators to reach, if possible, the
North Pole. In the Alert with Captain Nares
were Commander S. H. Markham, an officer of
experience and tact, Lieutenant Aldrich, an
accomplished surveyor, and Captain Feilden,
R. A., who acted as naturalist. The Discovery
was commanded by Captain Stephenson, and
Lieutenant Beaumont was his first lieutenant.

It is unnecessary to repeat here, for it is
a matter of history, how the Alert wintered in
the highest latitude yet attained—82 degrees,
27 minutes—and the difficulties and dangers
she had encountered to reach this position.
The gallant vessel pushed her way till she
arrived at the very edge of the paleocrystic
sea, the ice-floes being from seventy-five to
one hundred feet thick. On leaving Robeson
Channel she made progress between the land
and the grounded floe pieces, and spent the
rigorous winter season off the open coast and
faced the great Polar sea. The Discovery had
previously been left to winter at Franklin Bay,
in latitude 81 degrees, 44 minutes, as a refuge,
should it become needful to abandon the Alert.
The sun disappeared on October 14, to reappear
on February 28, when sledge parties were or-
ganized to examine the coast line, and one, the
largest party of all, under the command
of Commander Markham, was ordered to
press across the rugged polar pack and
endeavor to reach as high a northern lati-
tude as possible, and to lay out depots. This
expedition started on April 2, 1876. Markham
and Lieutenant Parr advanced, despite almost
insurmountable obstacles, over the polar
pack to the high latitude of 83 degrees, 20
minutes, 26 seconds N. Lieutenant Aldrich ex-
plored the coast line to the westward, facing
the frozen Polar Ocean, for fully two hundred
miles. Lieutenant Beaumont's course was
along the northern coast of Greenland, where
his zeal was rewarded by several interesting
discoveries. Markham's expedition proved the
most severe. The ice was hummocky, and the
sledges could make but little progress. Scurvy
broke out among the men, and, wearied and
exhausted as they all were, the gallant com-
mander, after planting the British flag in lati-



QUEBEC (from Levis.)

Quebec, from Levis, P.Q., on the Intercolonial.

tude 83 degrees, 20 minutes, the highest yet
attained by any Polar exploring party, retraced
his steps to the ship, which he reached on June
14, after incredible hardships, with the loss of
one man from scurvy, and most of the others
frost-bitten and suffering severely. The re-
sults of the expedition were very praiseworthy.
Three hundred miles of new coast line had
been discovered, and a series of meteorological,
magnetic and tidal observations, at two points
further north than any such observations had
ever been taken before, were placed on record.
Besides these, large geological and natural
history collections were added.

With his crews weakened by scurvy, and
seeing no possibility of arriving at the pole by
sledge parties over the ice, Captain Nares, as
soon as the ice permitted, proceeded on his
way homeward, where the two ships arrived
at the latter end of October, 1876, and soon
after were paid off.

It was not until August, 1878, that the Alert
found herself again in commission. Once more
she was commanded by her former captain,
now Sir George Nares, rewarded by the Queen
for his Arctic discoveries, who hoisted his
pennant and proceeded on a scientific and
surveying voyage around the world to supple-
ment what had already been done in the
Challenger. Her first destination was to the
bleak and turbulent region of Magellan Straits,
where, not unattended with dangers and diffi-
culties, many new channels and harbors were
discovered and added to our knowledge of
that part of the world. In May, 1880, having
completed her allotted task in the Terra
del Fuego Channels, she set sail for
Valparaiso and from thence across the
Southern Pacific ocean to Australia, call-

ing, by the way, at the different groups
of islands for astronomical observations.
Early in 1881 she arrived at Sydney, Aus-
tralia, where she remained for two months,
undergoing what was sadly needed, a thorough
overhauling. In April she went through the
Barrier reef to Torres Straits, on the north-
eastern part of the Australian Continent,
where a much required survey of the reefs and
channels was carried out. Finishing this
arduous duty in October, 1881, the Alert was
despatched to Singapore and the Straits of
Malacca, where she remained until February,
1882. From thence she went to various groups
of islands in the Indian Ocean, correcting
charts and increasing our knowledge of the
physical geography of these coral seas. These
duties over, she started on her homeward
voyage, via the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived
in England, after four years' absence, in Sep-
tember, when she was paid out of commission
and hauled down, for the last time, the flag
and pennant she had so honorably borne to all
parts of the globe, to the great advancement of
science and the benefit of mankind generally.

The results of this long and interesting
voyage, for the first twelve months under the
command of Sir George Nares, and the re-
mainder of the time under Captain I. P.
Maclear, are embodied in the work entitled
The Cruise of the Alert, in 1878 to 1882, by her
surgeon and naturalist, Dr. R. W. Coppinger,
whose natural history contributions obtained
during the voyage are now in the collection of
the British Museum.

The good and staunch ship which had baffled
the breezes and traveled so far and wide was
not destined to remain long idle, for in the
beginning of 1884 the United States Govern-

ment made formal application for her pur-
chase for service with the Greeley Relief Arctic
Expedition. This, however, the British Ad-
miralty was forced to decline, but generously
placed her at the disposal of the Americans, to
whose representatives she was formally handed
over on February 20, 1884. After being fitted
out by Messrs. Green & Blackwall she crossed
the Atlantic to New York, flying the Stars and
Stripes. Under that flag she soon afterwards,
with two other crafts, sailed for the neighbor-
hood of Franklin Bay, and arrived in the very
nick of time and saved Greeley and his starving
comrades. Late in the autumn they all re-
turned to New York.

On May 4, 1885, the Alert arrived at Halifax,
N. S., and was handed over to the senior Brit-
ish naval officer, by whom she was transferred
to the Dominion Government and despatched
on May 29, under the command of Lieutenant
A. R. Gordon, R.N., to Hudson Bay, to relieve
stations established the previous year by the
steamer Neptune. After a most successful
voyage she returned to Halifax on October 18,
1885. She again left Halifax on June 24, 1886,
on her second trip to Hudson Bay. Lieutenant
Gordon still in command, Captain Markham,
who was second in command under Nares
during the polar expedition, and who, in 1879,
with Sir Henry Gore Booth, Bart., cruised in
the Norwegian schooner, Isbjorn, to the Arctic
regions, also went in the Alert as representa-
tive of the Winnipeg and Hudson Bay Railway
Company. He returned to Halifax on October
10, from this trip, after a severe nip in the ice.

In the following year, the Canadian Govern-
ment removed her to Quebec, and has ever
since employed her on the St. Lawrence, con-
veying men and stores to the different light-
houses on the river, a peaceful ending, indeed,
to the good old ship after the rude buffeting
she had experienced in so many waters. Her
honorable career has now closed, after a life of
thirty-seven years. Truly, as North of the
Royal Navy, who often sailed in her, says:

Her life is done. It was not hers
To bid defiance to her country's foes,
Her aim was higher. To bear the nation's flag
To where, amidst ice and snow,
The step of man had not yet passed,
Became her destiny.
Quebec, August 22.

The Relief of Lucknow.

IN previous years at the Industrial Exhibi-
tion many people have commented upon
the fact that a large portion of the crowd
assembled to witness the bombardment
of Alexandria or whatever the war
spectacle might be, have been unfamiliar with
the purpose of the manoeuvres and at a loss to
understand what was happening. Recollect-
ing this we decided to write up in advance for
our readers a short description of this year's
event, when the Relief of Lucknow will be
presented. If the public will read up the
history of the Indian Mutiny, or failing that,
will read the description of the Lucknow
episode as it will be portrayed at the Fair, the
pyrotechnic display will be more intelligible
to them. About five hundred performers will
take part, representing Indian mutineers,
Nautch girls, and people of all classes and
every arm of the British land service. The
opening of the piece shows the handful of
British residents and soldiers beleaguered in
Lucknow by a host of Sepoy mutineers.
Ungad, a Hindoo who has remained faithful
to the English, enters bearing despatches which,
after running the fire of the besiegers, he suc-
ceeds in delivering to General Inglis, the com-
mander. The British, assured of help at hand,
cheer loudly, and the mutineers make a des-
perate attack, which, after some sharp fighting,
is repulsed.

The next scene shows the coronation of the
King of Oude, with all the circumstances of
Oriental pomp and ceremony and great rejoic-
ing of the natives, who are assured by Nana
Sahib that they will soon cut the throats of the
English. They are re-inforced by another regi-
ment of Sepoys, who throw the heads of their
murdered officers at the feet of the king. The
festivities are concluded by a performance of
acrobats, march of Amazons and dance of
Nautch girls. Meanwhile the fighting between
the besieged garrison and the mutineers is
vigorously going on and is accompanied by
several exciting incidents.

The British, anxious to find out what is
going on in the rebel camp, send out
the faithful Ungad as a spy, disguised as
an Indian juggler. While examining the
defences he is seized and taken before
Nana Sahib. He persists in representing him-
self as a juggler, but is confronted with a real
juggler and is unable to imitate his sleight of
hand performances. When about to be led to
execution he intimates that he possesses
magical powers and can show them visions of
the future. He seizes a censer of incense,
throws powder in the flame, which produces a
red light, and waves the incense about. The
king and others appear entranced and their
visions are reproduced on the wall of the
palace of the Rajahs and expose the following
tableaux under strong lime lights: Behold
Britannia, Britannia the Protector of India,
Britannia Attacked, Britannia Triumphant,
Britannia the Avenger of Cawnpore, and The
Empress of India. Ungad steals away as the
people awake out of their trance, and succeeds
in escaping.

The English prepare for an attack in force.
Suddenly a woman starts up exclaiming that
she hears the Highland pibroch. Though at
first incredulous, all listen eagerly and at
length is heard distinctly the sound of a dis-
tant fusillade and the bagpipes playing The
Campbells are Coming. The besieged burst
into a hearty cheer and make ready for a stub-
born defence. The mutineers advance to the
assault and with bags of powder blow up the
gate. A furious battle takes place and at the
opportune moment the Highlanders come up,
driving the Sepoys before them. The mutineers
everywhere break into an ignominious flight,
vanishing into the town. Flames and explo-
sions break out everywhere, and the city
wrapped in flames.

Greatly Needed.



Mrs. Harlem—Pay this bill for those china cups that came this morning on your way down
town to day, dear.
Mr. Harlem—It seems to me that what we need in this house is a cup defender.
(Copyrighted.)

Competent.



Manager—How are you on stealing bases?
New Player—Well, I've been in jail four times.
(Copyrighted.)

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895-96 will be unprecedented. Travelers should arrange their passage early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailing lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Chief Agent Mediterranean Lines
75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S.S. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

Trave, 7 Sept., 9 a.m. Spree, 17 Sept., 5 a.m.
Lahn, 10 Sept., 8 a.m. Ems, 21 Sept., 9 a.m.
Fulda, 14 Sept., 9 a.m. Havel, 24 Sept., 9 a.m.
New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, Sept. 7, 10 a.m. Werra, Oct. 13, 11 a.m.
Saale, Sept. 28, noon Saale, Nov. 2, 11 a.m.
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New York, Sept. 11, 11 a.m. Paris, Oct. 9, 11 a.m.
Paris, Sept. 18, 11 a.m. St. Louis, Oct. 16, 11 a.m.
St. Louis, Sept. 25, 11 a.m. New York, Oct. 23, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP
Kensington, Sept. 4, noon Nordland, Oct. 2, noon
Friesland, Sept. 11, noon Kensington, Oct. 9, noon
Southwest, Sept. 18, noon Friesland, Oct. 16, noon
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Short Stories Retold.

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders in dismay. "His head!" echoed one of the ministers; "he has no head! What you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out."

An old man in Glasgow told Mr. James T. Fields that he had once carried a law case to Sir Walter Scott for judgment. "How did he manage it?" asked Mr. Fields. "Oh, beautifully!" returned the old client; "he told me a bonny story about a coo and a calf in Dundee; and then he sent me over the way to a blither lawyer who, he told me, had a larger head for such affairs than himself. But it was a bawdy story that he told me about the cattle o' Dundee, and it makes me laugh to this day when I think on't!"

The esteem in which the sailor's calling is held in Massachusetts coast towns is indicated by a story that came from Martha's Vineyard. A teacher was wanted, and a sailor applied for the position. He had to pass an examination by the committee, and trembled at the ordeal, being sadly unlearned in book-lore. The chairman began the examination: "Mr. —, what is the shape of the earth?" "It is round, sir," the candidate answered. "How do you know?" "Because I have sailed around it three times." "That will do, sir!" He received his "certificate" as a teacher without another question being asked.

A mountain member of the Kentucky Legislature had fallen into the hands of the legislative wags. He couldn't make a speech, and of course they were not to be satisfied until they had forced him to make an attempt at it. The occasion finally came, when, in response to a unanimous call, he took the floor. "Mr. Speaker," he said, in a shaking voice, "I don't know how to make a speech. I never made one in my life, and as I stand here before this distinguished body now, my pants are rattling like the leaves of the forests," and at this point his trembling knees gave way under him and he sank into his chair.

After he was graduated from Bowdoin College, ex-Speaker Reed thought seriously of becoming a minister; but he studied law instead of divinity, and went to California to hang out his shingle. The story of his admission to the bar there is interesting. Judge W. T. Wallace was then on the supreme bench, and the candidate appeared before him for examination. It was in the early sixties, and the country was convulsed with varying opinions on the legal-tender act. It is true that Judge Wallace said to the candidate: "Is the legal-tender act constitutional?" "It is, sir," was the reply. "You are passed, sir," replied Judge Wallace at once. "Any young man who can decide grave constitutional questions like that off-hand, requires no further examination."

The Scotch Archbishop Foreman (in the sixteenth century) was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome, he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the Pope's table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Domine," but they replying "Deus" (Italian fashion) so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully conned phrases, and, in good broad Scotch, said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," to which devout aspiration Pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) piously replied "Amen."

Whatever may be the truth or the falsity of the stories that are told of the scarcity of funds in a country editor's pocket or the scarcity of food in his stomach, the stories are always told, and neither the progress of education nor the growth and development of the press seems to have any effect upon the crop. One of the latest comes from Kentucky, where the mountain editor, at least, rarely develops into a Cæsar or an Apicius, and this one is concerning a mountain editor. A subscriber had remembered him very kindly, and a day or two later a visitor called at his office. "Can I see the editor?" he enquired of the grimy little

"devil" roosting on a high stool. "No, sir," replied the youth on the stool. "He's sick." "What's the matter with him?" "Dun'no," said the boy. "One of our subscribers give him a bag of flour and a bushel of porters t'other day, and I reckon he's fondered."

Mrs. B — is one of those good-natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day when a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Mrs. B —, whose husband is a director of the road, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train, who passed through the waiting-room just then. Mrs. B — called to him. "Conductor," she said, "this is my especial friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible." The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away, Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B — with a sickly smile. "I did intend to go to Pittsburgh to-day, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train." And he handed the kind-hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.

While the late General Gresham was on the bench, a prominent lawyer came into the court-room, and speaking to the counsel, who were in the midst of a case, asked them as a favor to allow him to interrupt proceedings for a few minutes. He had a document, a purely formal matter, which he wished to submit to the court. The counsel consented, and the lawyer handed to Judge Gresham a paper for his signature. The lawyer was a guardian for two young children, heirs to a large estate, and the paper was an order from the court authorizing him to sell certain real estate belonging to them. It lacked only the judge's signature. Judge Gresham, instead of signing the document, settled back in his seat and read it carefully. Then he turned to the lawyer: "Have you read these papers?" The lawyer answered that he had. The judge reached for his docket and made an entry, evidently of some length. Then he said to the lawyer, speaking with much sternness, "I have removed you from the guardianship of those children. You may go, sir." The lawyer stood for a moment, thunderstruck. Then, without a word, he left the court-room, and the other case was resumed.

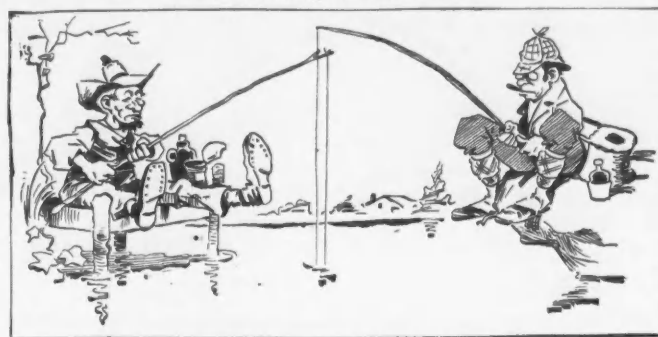
Between You and Me.

"NOW, dear Lady Gay, please speak out, from the depths of somewhere between the radil of those puffed sleeves," writes a male person who does not believe in bloomers. I thought I had spoken out, at least as loudly as the matter demands, and here comes someone, prodding me up, as bad folks will prod up peaceable women who write on papers. The matter in dispute seems of so little moment, dear man! If the girl wants to wear bloomers, in heaven's name and for peace sake let her wear 'em! She will be none the worse a year hence, when that pair of bags is worn out. Set up as a standard that peace and unity don't always go together—that is, when the unity takes the form of petticoats. Let her clothe her limbs (and the Fates grant they be comely ones) in separate lengths of cloth. I know how you feel about it, and that by doing so she will offend you in a cruel way, and that she is too self-willed and dense to understand it; but let her alone, and take yourself off where your beautiful, sensitive, chivalrous, manly nature won't be wounded more than necessary. Don't forbid your girl to dress in bloomers; if she won't regard your wishes, let her learn by the experience which all headstrong women go through that there are garments which cost too dear.

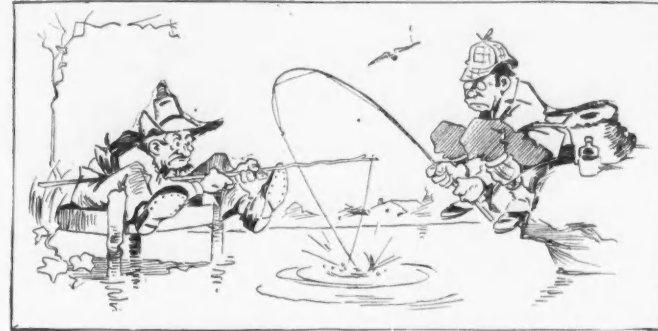
What weathercocks we are! Some years ago I made a stay on Toronto Island—on three occasions. The first time I got a sunstroke, the second time I was poisoned with ice-cream, the third time I went over in a fit of nervous depression and cried myself to sleep for two nights to the wailing of the big waves. Then I bid the Island good-bye. It was henceforth a land accursed, so far as I was concerned. I think I confessed how I recanted in regard to our West Point, where the giddy-colored lights and the broad, clean boulevard and the general transformation took my breath away on my first visit last month. One should not recant and confess; it's demoralizing, for here I am at Center Island, with a brown face, and sand in my shoes and my wig never properly dressed for a week; and I have dug a large hole in the beach to sit in, and a small hole for an elbow-rest, and have engineered a little mound for a pillow, and in the face of day and any amount of passers by have sprawled a whole golden Sabbath on the shore, under an antiquated umbrella, and have been "jollied" (see how one falls!) by Mr. Gay, who had sand in his shoes too, and emptied it out at night in small hummocks for my admiration and futile emulation. And when you walk in bare feet on such hummocks on the carpet, it is anything but lovely!

So I am again down on my knees confessing and recanting, and feeling not the least bit ashamed. For there is no persuasion like the magic of a fair bland sun, and a clear azure sky, and a mirror of glassy water lying in a dream of rest and the kind word of a friend who welcomes you freely, and the merry mischief of the homely man, and the mild condescension of the handsome one, and the giddy old bird whom the girls all pet and flock about, and the chance friend one makes from some far place, whose smile is a sunshine; and the gabble and the laughter, and the dance, (with sand in your shoes) and the veranda teas, and the crowded and merry sardine parties, so called because it's a work of art and science to pack fourteen women into one tiny Island bedroom for a sort of scrambled afternoon tea; and the girl who sings and the man who plays, and the wild and woolly male chorus who neither sing nor play, but think they do both; and the bicycles, by the score—one cannot be sure of oneself in any dark corner; one is certain to be quickly pounced upon by a carelessly disturbed wheel, which rings its bell, under your innocent clutch, and paws your shins with its pedals, and cleans itself off on your best skirt

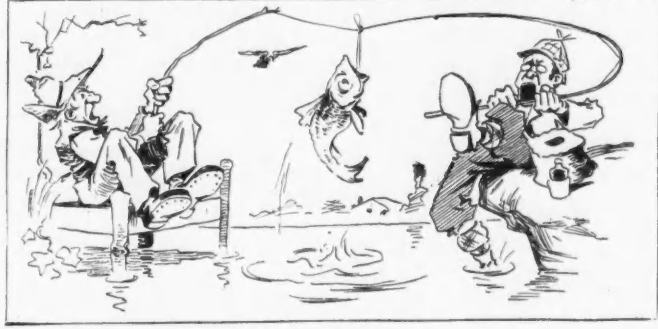
How the Dispute Was Settled.



1. Farmer Haytossler—I've got a bite.



2. Cholly Hooker—No, it's mine!



3. Both !!! \$\$\$!!!



4. Fish Hawk—Well, I'll just settle this dispute, gentlemen.

(Copyrighted.)

and finally throws you down and sits upon you in a great uproar, and if, in revenge, you do as you would do to a badly behaved horse, take out that wheel and mount it to "take it out of it" with mind and muscle, then you hear old women with baskets who say, "Another o' them nooses!" and young men who use hair-oil and wear diamond pins fall out of your path in heaps, with pretended terror of you, and baby carriages stand pat. It's no use arguing with them, or calling them "nooses;" you must just step down and wiggle past on that rickety sidewalk which connects the sister settlements and see the look of scorn flung at you by the snub-nosed mother, as she proudly pushes her offspring and ostentatiously remarks to her escort, "Ringed a bell at me, did she! Well, I'll show her!"

I wonder how much it would cost to make a good bicycle track from Hanlan's to Mead's? And I was wondering it as I wheeled over that monstrosity which has been erected over the small ditch at the edge of Island Park. I was also wondering how that monstrosity of iron and ugliness ever came to be erected. Who hypnotized the Council to grant thousands of our hard-earned taxes to make it? Who put the town in a trance till it was done? Why didn't some being peck out of the corner of his canny eye and say something like this: "See that hump, or 'Where is that bridge going with the Island?' Didn't anybody know there was no need of it any more than, as I heard a military man say somberly as he gazed at it, 'a cat needs two tails?' A neat rustic bridge and the saved dollars for a decent path from the West Point to Center Island, why—oh—why didn't somebody do that? That is what is the wild enquiry of hundreds besides the latest convert.

LADY GAY.

Patriotic to the Last.

Harper's Monthly.

A couple of Englishmen, en route for Rome, were joined by an American, whose blatant patriotism first amused, then bored them. No matter what was admirable, rich, or rare, there was always something in America to eclipse it, according to our countryman. The Britishers

determined to teach the Yankee a lesson, and taking advantage of the chronic thirst of their companion, they piled him with all the liquor that he could be induced to absorb, and then proposed a visit to the Catacombs. Before they reached their destination they were obliged to guide his errant steps between them, and at length, overcome by drowsiness, the American begged to be left alone to lie down at his ease. When sounds as of a discharge of musketry issued at regular intervals from the nose of the prostrate patriot, his companions concluded that he was dreaming of the Fourth of July, and would, therefore, be oblivious of anything nearer at hand. Producing a sheet, purloined from their hotel and until now carefully concealed, they wrapped the sleeper like a mummy in its folds, and then left him to "do" the Catacombs on their own account.

Returning an hour later, they found him still sleeping. One of them then drew from under his coat a tin fish-horn, and blew upon it a blast that only elicited a grunt and produced a fluttering of the eyelids of the sleeper. A second blast, however, longer and louder, brought him to a sitting posture, with eyes wide open and senses all alert. A moment of bewilderment, and then he exclaimed joyously: "Gabriel's trumpet! Resurrection day! First man up! Hurray! America still ahead!"

Delays are Dangerous.

A few weeks ago, in these columns, we found it necessary to correct views held by some persons respecting the form of treatment for alcoholism given at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. This week we desire to dispel from the mind of every disinterested reader the idea that only besotted, degraded drunkards are to be found under our care. No grosser mistake could be made than this. While many of our patrons have been desperately heavy drinkers, a large percentage of those who undertake the treatment have done so while yet possessing the respect and confidence of their business associates and before home, influence, wealth and honor shall have been sacrificed to the insatiable demon—alcohol. The example of time is well worthy of imitation by thousands of business men who are daily making fresh concessions to the growing fondness of strong drink. Take the cure now and head off the inevitable results of delay. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

Don't take Chances...



On what gives all the style to your Clothes.
Use the best interlining.

FIBRE CHAMOIS

It is cheaper than others and will outlast the garment, having an all enduring stiffness which is unhurt by dampness or crushing. Always put a facing over it in skirts.
Don't be deceived by imitations that will prove failures, find the name and number on every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamolis. Light weight is No. 10. Medium, No. 20. Heavy, No. 30.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.

A Painful Necessity.

Harper's Monthly.

Bridget O'Hoolihan, an elderly Irish cook, had been induced to go to a quiet little suburban town to live in a wealthy gentleman's family. Two weeks after her arrival she declared her intention of returning to the city.

"Why do you leave us, Bridget?" asked her mistress, in arieved tone. "We pay you the very highest wages."

"Ye do, ma'am, an' yer a perfect leddy. O'm not lavin' troo anny fault av de family, but this place is such a dead old place, wid no chance to do annything lively in it, that, begorry, of have to mek up a pack o' lies ivry toime of go to confession, or of'd have nothing to confess!"

Left a Soft Thing.

Detroit Free Press.

"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man, as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."

"Ah?" responded his companion questioningly. "Yes. It always came out on top."

Their Main Occupation.

Bobby—Pa, what do the actors do in summer?
Pa—Wish it was fall.

Even Better.

Chicago Post.

"Ah," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "what a grand invention is the bicycle built for two!"
"Yes," she replied dreamily, "but what's the matter with a hammock?"

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A collection of pictures that has representatives from many schools of painting, that is the result of many years' buying, is that of Mr. H. S. Mara. Our own artists occupy considerable space. We were glad to note: An early example of Mr. G. A. Reid's work, very unlike his present style; a glimpse of a roadway by Mr. M. H. Reid; a view of waterfall and rocks by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith; a number of Mr. Jacobi's pictures, the most notable a lurid sunset; a soft water-color by Mr. C. M. Manly; two excellent examples of Mr. F. C. V. Ede, landscape and cattle; a landscape with figures by the late Mr. Allan Edson; a river view by Mr. L. R. O'Brien; two by the late Mr. Daniel Fowler—in one, The Old Chateau, the artist has chosen a most picturesque subject which he has given with great truthfulness; several examples of Mr. Homer Watson's style, one of which shows a receding stretch of level road, with fields on either side, on which the moon shines quiet and lonely; a horse and cart, beside which the driver stands, is a strong bit of work by Lawson; a winter scene by Paul Peel, showing some Indian riders, and giving an excellent impression of newly-fallen snow on the boughs of the fir trees and fields; two fruit pieces by Mr. J. T. Rolph; a spirited sketch of a cat's head by Mr. R. Stovel; and, to end with, a Kreighoff—not the usual Indian scene with which we are familiar, but the head of a French *habitant*, with his red *toque*, big coat and *capuchin*, his pipe in his mouth and a certain humorous shrewdness in the face. We pass on now to the more important canvases. One example of the French school there is by E. Luminas, *Goths Pursued by the Romans*, most intense in its dramatic feeling. Madly the fugitives urge their horses to take the terrible leap into the precipice, some with arms folded over the face or shield upheld to hide the sight, and hotly the enemy pursues, their helmets and horses showing in a long line up the defile and through a break in the mountains. Of the English school are two important examples; a small canvas showing a sunset, very tender in its subdued and beautiful color, by J. Herbert, R.A., and also a water-color, *An English Pastoral*, by A. C. Wyatt, R.A., a sunny, peaceful scene of meadow and grove and distant village. Two views of Venice, by T. Hardy, have delicate color and deft handling. But the cream of the whole, the gems of the collection, are water-colors of the Dutch school. The Shepherd, by T. Offermans, recalls slightly some of Millet's work. The old man in the foreground leans on his staff and stands out clearly from the distant trees and the fields dotted with sheep. The Dutch Village, by T. Wiesenbruck, has, in common with the work of all this group of artists, the great charm of simple treatment and of skilful massing of lights and shadows. Here it is a gray house, a distant spire, a group of misty, green trees, and a road, with the faint, bright tints of the sky behind and bright reflection in the water in the foreground. Much the same qualities are to be found in the Street of a Dutch Village by N. Bastert; in a view of a gothic arched bridge by E. V. D. Vandermeer, and two water-colors by Ferdinand Coenraets, although with more delicacy of detail and somewhat different handling, and in an old house by the river with excellent misty effect by T. H. Missbruch. George Poggenbeck is represented by a cattle piece, a calf and barn in shadow against the pale yellow sky, and A. C. Dekker by a low-toned interior, an old woman pouring out something from a bronze vessel into a child's outstretched apron, a fine contrast in the dark blue of the child's dress and the warm, bright gleam of the bronze. A hasty mention of the more important of the remainder will suffice, as we have dwelt too long on what pleased us most. A Gipsy Head with brilliant color by Zeebos, The Brigand by J. E. Coleman, Healing the Sick by Charles Cattermole, illustrating one of the legends of the early church; the interior of a Dutch homestead with a number of frolicking peasants by Herman Tenkatte, and a cattle piece by Tenkatte, the son.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the happy possessor (by loan) of seven or eight examples of the work of J. F. Millet, the famous painter of The Angelus, nearly all of them of great importance. Among [the] number is The Sower, and there are two small ones of peculiar interest as being specimens of pure landscape, with no help from figures.

M. Robaut of No. 53 Rue Condorcet, Paris, is preparing a descriptive catalogue of Corot's works. He has been engaged upon it for the past ten years, and believes that he has duly recorded every genuine "Corot" now owned in this country, as well as elsewhere. The *Home Journal* says that those who may suspect that their particular examples of the master have been omitted, have yet to rectify the error, and slyly add: "Of course the American 'Corotes' that will not find a place in his work would in themselves form a large volume."

It is interesting to read that Sir Frederick Leighton owed the start in his career to an American—namely, Hiram Powers, the sculptor. Sir Frederick's father had always opposed his son's desire to become an artist, but during a winter in Florence he agreed to submit the boy's drawings to Mr. Powers, and to abide by his critical judgment as to their warranting any hopes of greater success. The sculptor praised the sketches, and warned the elder Leighton not to interfere with his son's natural bent. Sir Frederick is now sixty-three years old, and not only a great painter, but also, his admirers claim, the best President the Royal Academy ever had. LYNN C. DOYLE.

He Understood. "I want some fallen-angel ham," murmured Miss de Vout; and the grocery clerk forthwith produced a can of the deviled article.

The Artist, Critic and Fly.



1—The critic sat and gazed in awe
"The sweetest thing I ever saw."



3—The critic said, "That silvery tone
Would make the picture great alone."



5—And what availeth all excuse
That critic's hottest wrath breaks loose.



2—The artist thought, "I'll raise the price
But darn that fly he's been back twice."



4—The artist when that fly he saw
Struck wild and smacked the critic's jaw.



6—And breaking things he doth depart
And sayeth he could not paint a cart.

Autumn Fancies.

THE first importations of autumn dress goods are very rich silks, among them *peau de soie* with twilled surface of demi-lustre, a far more refined fabric than satin, which is often too glossy to please quiet tastes. Color abounds in these elegant fabrics. The fancy for chameleon hues has by no means reached its height. Shooting several shades together to produce new effects when blended is the present object of Lyons manufacturers. Russian green with red and gold, and the darkest marine blue with very brilliant red, are shown in silks for dresses and in fabrics for trimming both gowns and hats. Much violet, red and gold are blended in dark *peau de soie*, then woven in very intricate designs, for winter dresses. Plain surfaces will prevail in the chameleon *peau de soie* for calling costumes and for dinner gowns, but for separate waists and for combinations these are plaided with broad bands of black satin or with bars of contrasting colors. An especially attractive chameleon effect is had by combining green, brown and gold, another by blending blue, black and red. Peacock blue is also brought into favor again.

The first autumn bonnets and hats are of the dark fancy straws that have been so popular all summer. The raspberry red, violet, brown with a sheen on it sometimes shot with blue, and various shades of green straw will rival the too-much-used black bonnet. The fancy for rich colors will be particularly noticeable in hats. Green and blue in combination has not yet been too much used to destroy its popularity, and will be seen in shot velvets forming side bows on autumn bonnets of green straw. On small low Dutch bonnets these bows will droop on the hair, while on round hats they are erect in flower-shaped loops. *Choux* or rosettes will be worn again, and will be of enormous size, though made of ribbon loops that are most closely massed together. Four of these large rosettes will surround the crown of stiff-brimmed straw hats, and a smaller one will be placed under the brim quite far back on each side. If chameleon ribbon is not used, each rosette may be of a separate color—one brown, a second black, the next green, and a fourth blue. To complete the trimming a large black bird is posed in front, or else there are two smaller birds, with their heads crossed just in front of the crown and their wings and tail feathers spread out toward the sides and back.

The five-inch ribbons worn at present are to be followed by others seven inches wide. These will be arranged in ruffles or *ruches* around the crown of Marie Antoinette hats, and in immense bows made in new ways with jabot-folded ends and with erect aligettes, each part folded like a lily or other large-petaled flower, three or four of the ribbon petals standing above a *choux* or a bow. Taffeta ribbon will be most used on the first hats worn in the demil-season, but heavy *peau de soie* ribbons are shown for winter hats.

A novelty in velvet, which is too striking for very liberal use, has a printed surface of very gay colors in quaint antique designs. The soft pile is flattened and lustre is added, equaling the gloss of satin. What will suit a greater number of tastes and more varied purposes, is the *raye velours* with chameleon grounds, on which are very narrow velvet stripes. These are especially attractive in very dark colors, a Persian green and violet being beautifully blended. There are also white grounds with black velvet stripes, or with more green, or the beautiful blue called *bleu de France*. Waists of this striped velvet will be used with skirts of a single color, and there will be many short *godet* coats of the striped velvet. Printed

striped velvet is new and very rich, the coloring, like that of illuminated glass, being in the ground of heavy *peau de soie*, as well as in the velvet stripes. The *glace miroir* velvet and all the favorite shot velvets of last winter will be brought out in new colors. LA MODE.

How Did the Thief Get In?

You wake up some morning and miss your watch, your purse, your best clothes, and other valuables. Yet neither you nor any member of your family heard a sound during the night. Neither is there a sign of how the thief got into the house nor by what road he decamped. You rush round and tell the police, and also decide to keep a dog and a shotgun. You will let the thieves know they mustn't come fooling around your premises after this. A sensible procedure. Meanwhile your watch, your money, etc., are gone. Quite so.

Now suppose I should tell you that the thief who stole your property never entered your house at all; that he was born in it; had lived twenty years in it; never had been out of it till he went off with your things, albeit not a soul of you had ever seen or heard of him. What would you say to me? You would call me an idiot and threaten to have me sent back to the asylum. But don't be too sure.

Here is our very good friend Mr. Richard Heakin of Pentervin, Salop, who expresses an opinion in this line. Let us have his exact words. He says: "Rheumatism struck into my system. Of course we understand that he speaks after the manner of men. You know we talk of being 'attacked' by this, that, and the other complaint, as though diseases were like soldiers or wild beasts. 'Doesn't make any odds,' do you say? Beg pardon, but it does—heavy odds. For it teaches us to look in the wrong direction for danger. Do you see now?"

Thirteen years ago, in the spring of 1880, whilst working in the Roman Gravel Lead Mines, Mr. Heakin took a bad cold. He got over the cold, but not over what followed it. He was feeble, without appetite, and had a deal of pain in the chest and sides. His eyes and skin were tinted yellow, and his hands and feet were cold and clammy. Frequently he would break out into a cold perspiration, as a man does on receiving a nervous shock caused by something fearful or horrible. He was also troubled with pain at the heart and had spells of difficult breathing—what medical men call asthma.

"Later on," says Mr. Heakin, "rheumatism struck into my system and I had pains all over me. I was confined to my bed for three months with it and could not dress myself. In this general condition I continued for five years. One after another I was treated by fourteen doctors in that time, but their medicines did me little or no good. At one time I went to the infirmary at Shrewsbury, where they treated me for heart disease; but I got worse and, feeling anxious, returned home."

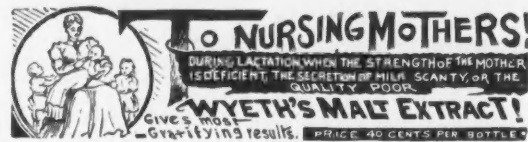
How he was finally cured we will mention in a minute. First, however, about his rheumatism. Every intelligent person knows that rheumatism and gout (its twin brother) is virtually a universal ailment. It does its cruel and body-racking work in every country and climate. No other malady causes so vast an aggregate of suffering and disability. Whatever will cure it is worth more money in England than a gold mine in every country.

But does rheumatism "strike into" the system as a bullet or a knife might strike into it? No. Rheumatism is a thief who steals away our comfort and strength; but it is a thief, as I said, who is born on the premises. In other words, it is one—and only one—of the direct consequences of indigestion and dyspepsia. And this is the why and wherefore: Indigestion creates a poison called uric acid; this acid combines with the chloride of sodium to form a salt; this salt is urate of sodium, which is deposited in the form of sharp crystals in the muscles and joints. Then comes inflammation and agony, otherwise rheumatism. Thus you perceive that it doesn't come from the outside but from the inside—from the stomach. Our friend's cold, caught in the mine, didn't produce his rheumatism, it clogged his skin and so kept all the poison in his body instead of letting part of it out.

Mr. Heakin adds: "I was cured at last by Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup, and without it I believe I should have been dead long ago."

Very likely, very likely; for this thief, although he may wait long for his opportunity, isn't always satisfied to run away with our comfort and our money; he often takes life too.

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Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Columns. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HARRY ORLY, DALLAS, S. AND PADDY D.—Now, Grannie, you should not have sent me these three studies with their names cut off and inked under. You know I never delineate such affairs. They're all three good ones, too, and so different. I quite envy you their friendship. I am glad you like our paper.

GRUP.—Deliberate thought, untrained judgment, an original and rather generous mind, a great deal of self absorption, some conceit, very honest and candid manner, but a very strong temptation to duplicity at times, some appreciation of humor, and a general suggestion of youth and immaturity are shown. There is plenty of character, young one, but it won't harden for some years to come.

AMIDEXTER.—So I startled you, did I? And you'll recommend me to your friends. Oh, come now, that's a poor return for a correct delineation, and I up to my ears in letters and trying hard to catch up the three or four months I am behind. I kept your right and left hand studies for a time on my desk and found them very interesting to study occasionally. I have only just opened your letter.

LEONORA, KAMLOOPS.—I wish I were with you, in the calm little town with grandeur and peace all around! Do you know, Leonora, there is nothing one needs in the way one needs rest. One seems so badly treated without it. Well, as to your writing, my woman, it is forceful and controlled, showing a good deal of mental power and appreciation of things artistic and beautiful, with some for details, and strong desire for approval; a refined and rather prudent person not apt to wear her heart upon her sleeve is this lady of Kamloops.

H. T. G.—Your writing is anything but poor; on the contrary it is rather attractive and very legible. It shows refinement, great appreciation of harmony and beauty; some extravagance in *flour*, which will lead you to put more time and energy into unimportant things than necessary. You are frank and eloquent, of large inventive and imaginative powers, adaptable, self-reliant and humorous. I should rely on your constancy, and your logic is good. A very live, pushing and wide-awake person, slightly in danger of selfishness.

CYCLER.—This study is first of all honest as the day. The man who wrote it is naturally truthful, also good-natured and forgiving, one of the people it is hard to quarrel with but who would take matters seriously if once convinced it were worth his while. Frankness and an abiding trust in the good will of others go to his list of attractions. Love of a good time and some tendency to take the soft side of life, warm affection, good sequence of ideas, a slightly material nature and bright perceptive faculties are yours. On the whole a fairly strong and well knit character, needing much stimulus to understand and keep growing the spiritual side. There is a strongly optimistic tendency and the writer is open to the influences of beauty and music. There is material for the best results.

CATALINA.—Glad I got hubby's faults and fallings according to your diagnosis, for when sages disagree it's not conducive to further effort. Your scribbling is not dreadful. Why do all you women calmly name it so? You are very decidedly unresponsive and averse to change, liking the practical and apt to let your head rule your heart. You are careful and conscientious; prone to believe your guess are wrong, very quick in making up your mind, and rather of a hopeful disposition. You have a kind heart and a fairly good temper, and are a thoroughly feminine woman. By the way, that last seems to me, in this age, great praise. You should not put a one-cent stamp on city letters. Then I have to pay the postage.

MELANOR.—Excess of caution and general mistrust, a bright, erratic and sometimes perverse mind, rather an adaptable and sailor-like capacity for landing on your feet anywhere. You have much ambition and a tendency to rise, an easy-going and rather generous temper. You might with some temptation develop into an schemer, and if you did you have the power to ensure your success, but you are too merciful to keep the goods you might gain by sharp practice. You are a close reasoner and would not show much patience with dull people. I hope the other graphologist to whom you have submitted your writing will not see so many dangerous possibilities for you, but will look only on the surface and pronounce you what you are, not what circumstances might make of you. It's a powerful hand for good or evil.

THE WHISTLING COOK.—This is a study quite uncultured and showing most perfectly natural traits. The writer is apt to decide positively on a course which he often has not the constancy and will-power to carry out. This may be

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

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mended by experience and time. Graphology is from two Greek words—*graphs*, writing, and *logos*, a discourse; therefore, graphology is a treatise on written characters. Your writing shows good reasoning power, hope, truth and honesty, a practical nature and much quiet perseverance. You are alive to all beauty, somewhat fond of the other sex, careful, deliberate and discreet in action. I really don't see how you are going to see your character if you only picked up a SATURDAY NIGHT on the grass of Chamong Park and took from that chance number your coupon. I hope you immediately subscribed also.

Westminster Abbey

is the sepulchre of England's greatest dead, but equally noted is Westminster Tobacco, put up in half-pound tins by G. W. Muller, 8 King street west.

Runs in Families.

Boston Transcript.
Mrs. Grey—Have you heard the news? Sarah Black, who went abroad in the spring, has married a peer!
Mrs. White—It seems to run in the family, doesn't it? Her sister Jane married a wharfinger, you remember.

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Her Object.

New York World.
"If you expect to see my mistress, you'll have to hurry through your business, because she's going out," said the maid.
"Indeed!" replied the mysterious female visitor. "Then let me inform you that I have come to stay!"
So saying she opened the package and took out the corset she wanted to try on her customer.

Short Journeys on a Long Road
Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heaford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

A Hero.

Truth.
She—There is nothing heroic about you. I ordered you to do something brave, before I could consent to love you, and you didn't do it. He—Pardon, but I did.
She—What did you do?
He—I disobeyed you. Don't you think that required courage?

THE MAN
WHO DRINKS LIQUOR TO
EXCESS
LOSES HIS APPETITE
AND
INJURES HIS STOMACH
KOD KOD KOD
RESTORES THE APPETITE
SOOTHES, CLEANSSES
AND HEALS THE STOMACH
AND ALLAYS THAT BURNING
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Music.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music enters upon its ninth season on Monday next, September 2. The annual calendar for the coming season has already been issued, a copy of which I have received. It is somewhat larger than usual, carefully compiled, tastefully gotten up, and contains much valuable information concerning the history, aims and gratifying success of this progressive institution. Attention is directed to the unqualified prosperity of the past eight years of the Conservatory's history, to the public confidence in its stability, management and facilities, and the comprehensive and thorough character of the work which is being done year by year. This, together with the high standard attained by its graduates, has resulted in a yearly increase in the attendance from all parts of Canada and the United States. Last season more pupils were registered than formerly and a larger number prepared for successful examinations than in any previous year, the number of diplomas and certificates which were secured in various departments reaching a total of three hundred and ninety-six. The aim of the management has been to afford facilities for a broad and thoroughly sound musical education on the best modern principles of study. This institution, one can safely say, is the oldest, largest and most thoroughly equipped of its kind in Canada; its staff includes musicians of highest eminence and reputation, and its courses of study and system of instruction are such as will afford a thorough, comprehensive and artistic musical education. The branches of study embrace all departments of music, instrumental, vocal and theoretical: elocution, languages and tuning, all having, from the rudimentary to the most advanced stages of instruction, the advantages of thoroughly capable and practical teachers, as well as the special care and personal supervision of the musical director, Mr. Edward Fisher, to whose abilities, experience and judgment is due, in a large measure, the unprecedented success of this popular institution.

Mr. H. M. Field writes me from Leipzig that the position of director of the celebrated Gewandhaus orchestra, rendered vacant by Dr. Carl Reinecke's resignation, has finally been offered to and accepted by Herr Nikisch. The choice made by the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts will prove a most popular one in Leipzig, where the eminent conductor, who is so well and favorably known throughout Europe and America, spent a number of years as premier conductor at the Leipzig Stadt Theater prior to 1889. Mr. Field also writes an interesting account of the special Wagnerian season of opera at Munich, which he attended and where he heard for the first time Wagner's early opera, *The Fairies*, which he describes as somewhat similar in style to Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and as containing but little prophecy of the later works of the great maestro. "The stage mounting in all the performances," he writes, "was truly magnificent and the orchestra superb. I left Prof. Krause at Innsbruck, where that place I went to Munich. While at Innsbruck at the Hof Piano Geschaft I was playing the 12th Rhapsody, Liszt, to Krause, when who should come in but Joachim, to whom the Rhapsody is dedicated. We had a good laugh over the coincidence. Friedheim is here and is practicing hard getting down to old time form. He plays his concerto in Leipzig shortly with the Liszt Verein. It is beginning to feel like old times here again to see Nikisch, Friedheim, D'Albert and others coming back to their old *lokal*. Foerster also plays here shortly. . . . I sail from Rotterdam on August 21 for home, and expect to reach there about the 31st."

As a further illustration of what is being accomplished by musicians in the field of sport, I take pleasure in referring to the victory of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp at De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe, where, at the annual regatta, this exponent of the art divine captured first prize in a yacht race after an exciting contest. Many stories have been reaching me during the past week descriptive of the Strong Man in Music, as indicated by the alleged piscatorial triumphs of wandering local musicians in different parts of the province and country within the past month or two. I must, however, respectfully draw the line at this point. I would not willingly cast reflections upon the veracity of any members of the profession resident in this city, but until I am furnished with more tangible proof of the size and quality of rare fish said to have been captured by some of them, I cannot consent to note their exploits in this column. Ice is cheap in the north country and good fish do not, as a rule, suffer much in transportation to this city per express.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth and family have returned from Bathurst, N. B., at which point they have spent the summer vacation.

Applications of a very desirable character are being constantly received by the officers of the Mendelssohn Choir for admission to that organization for the coming season. It is the intention to maintain last year's high standard of the chorus in every detail and improve it in sections most in need of it. As was the case last season, the society will be organized as a double choir and all voices will be carefully classified with this end in view. The annual meeting will likely be held during the coming month for the purpose of electing officers and transacting other business concerning the welfare of the society. Rehearsals will in all probability be resumed about September 29. A comprehensive list of works has been selected for the first concert of the society, including, besides several novelties in unaccompanied work, one of Mendelssohn's shorter complete works with accompaniment, and a fine chorus from one of Wagner's later operas. Vocalists desirous of being admitted to the chorus will do well to make early application.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher have returned to the city from the Adirondacks, where they have been spending a portion of their summer's vacation.

At the forthcoming Leeds Triennial Musical

Festival the Messiah will be performed for the first time since the festival of 1874. The dates of the Festival have been fixed for October 2, 3, 4 and 5, and the following list of works to be presented are an indication of the generous and catholic spirit which has governed their choice: The Messiah; Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry's Invocation to Music; Mozart's Jupiter Symphony; Mendelssohn's The First Walpurgis Night; Wagner's The Flying Dutchman; Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony; Bach's Christmas Oratorio; an Orchestral Suite in D minor, written for the Festival by Mr. Edward German; Dvorak's Stabat Mater, a lyric; the Forsaken Merman, by A. Somervell; Schumann's Paradise and the Peri; a Symphonic Poem for Orchestra, Visions, written for the Festival by Massenet; Samuel Wesley's Psalm 114th, in eight parts, in Exitus Israel; Beethoven's Mass in D; Schumann's Symphony in B flat; Mendelssohn's As the Hart Pants; Part I of Haydn's Creation, and Sullivan's The Golden Legend. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has been connected with this important Festival since the year 1880, will conduct the performances.

The choir of West Presbyterian church, under Mr. W. J. McNally's direction, are taking up for study Farmer's Christ and His Soldiers with a view of presenting this interesting work at an early date.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, presided at the organ of the Orillia Methodist church on Sunday last at both services. Special musical services were arranged for both morning and evening, the direction of which was assumed by the visiting organist. Mr. Vogt returns from his holiday trip on Monday next, resuming his teaching at the Conservatory of Music on that date.

Miss Ella Paterson has resigned her position as leading soprano at the Sherbourne street Methodist church and leaves for New York during the coming week, in order to continue her vocal studies under the tuition of Mr. George Sweet, one of the most eminent vocal masters on the continent.

Miss Norma Reynolds returned to the city on Friday of last week after a prolonged sojourn at several seaside resorts. Miss Reynolds resumes teaching on Monday next and may be interviewed at the Conservatory of Music or her private residence, 86 Major street.

Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, who is well known in local musical circles, has taken up music as a profession and, as will be noticed in his card, which appears in this issue, is now prepared to receive pupils in various branches of the art. Mr. Rudge's early experiences as a choir boy and the many advantages he received under the instruction of eminent English church musicians, laid a solid foundation for his future musical effort. As choirmaster of Grace Episcopal church, this city, he has shown marked ability and has had excellent success. In his theoretical work his talent, supported by thorough study, has enabled him to qualify for the degree of Mus. Bac., Trinity College, the final examination for which distinction he successfully passed at the recent annual examinations of the institution mentioned. In practical music he has also attained very commendable proficiency, and his decision to enter the ranks of professional musicians appears a wise one. Mr. Rudge will devote himself specially to vocal culture and preparing candidates for examination for university musical degrees.

The announcement in our advertising columns that Mr. Calvin B. Cady will lecture in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening next, September 3, will interest a wide circle of musically cultured people. The lecturer is well spoken of by New York, Boston and Chicago critics, and great praise is given him for the high artistic results attained by his pupils. A Chicago exchange says of him: "Mr. Cady's preparatory education was received at Oberlin, after which he spent three years at Leipzig, at the same time being a private pupil of Plaidy, Dr. Paul Richter and Dr. Pappert, in the studies of piano, organ and theory, thereby securing a solid foundation in the science and art of teaching. After five years at the Oberlin Conservatory as teacher of piano and advanced harmony, he accepted and occupied for eight years the chair of music which was created for him at the University of Michigan, which position he resigned to enter the wide field offered by the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Mr. Cady is widely known as an original thinker and musical educator of the highest order. Many of his students are from the schools of Berlin, Leipzig and Stuttgart."

The Toronto Vocal Club, Mr. W. J. McNally conductor, will be in the field again this season and anticipate a successful season's work. A number of bright compositions have been selected for study and rehearsals will begin at an early date.

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Social and Personal.

The first of the quintette of weddings which interest society for the next six weeks took place at St. George's church on Thursday morning at half-past ten. After threatening rain and grim clouds, the sun deigned to smile on Mr. Robinson and Miss Baldwin's wedding, and the finest weather lent to what is always an interesting occasion. St. George's altar was bright with yellow blossoms and the same color tone was carried out both in the bridesmaids' fineries and the house decoration at the reception. Miss Baldwin wore a gown of white corded with long ribbons, and the bridesmaids were in white. Her veil was prettily arranged to fall over the face, and a coronet of orange blossoms lent dignity to the fair young bride. The bridal bouquet was of white roses. The maid of honor, Miss Casselle, was in soft cream silk and with trimmings of golden yellow. The four bridesmaids, with wide-brimmed hats trimmed with gold-colored chiffon. Mr. Robert Heun was best man. Mr. Hamilton Casselle was in Mrs. Baldwin, the widowed mother of the bride. Messrs. Edgar, Pemberton and Baldwin were ushers. The guests included many children, as it was almost a family party which composed the invited guests. Mrs. Cayley performed the ceremony, after which a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, 133 Beverley street. Mrs. George Baldwin wore a very handsome gown of black satin, with very deep capelet of cream lace; Mrs. Tom Moss was in black, with white heliotrope; Mrs. Vere Brown wore a pretty lawn dress; Mrs. Charles Moss was in gray silk, with fine black lace; Miss Moss wore light silk; Mrs. Huson Murray wore black and mauve; Mrs. Russell Baldwin was in pale green, with black lace; Mrs. Millus Baldwin wore brown and fawn, and a very smart bonnet with pretty flowers; Mrs. Douglas Armour wore fawn, with pretty shoes and large hat; Mrs. Stephen Baldwin was in a white gown. Many admiring comments were made upon the general effect of the party group at the altar, one of whom, a beautiful little maiden, has a Lady Godiva very of silky brown locks, which she wears in English fashion, waved softly down her back. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left on the afternoon train for their honeymoon.

The other couples whose weddings, as I said, take up the five interesting to the inner circle, are Miss Florence Dickson and Mr. Wily Grier on Wednesday; Miss Mab Moss and Mr. S. Spriggs of London, Eng., who is a very clever surgeon and one of the editors of the *Lancet*, on September 17; Miss Jessie James and Mr. Archie Campbell of the Park on October, and Mr. Edward Cayley and Miss Alice Broughall, the date of whose nuptials has escaped my memory, if it has indeed not yet definitely fixed. I heard something about the last week in September.

Mrs. Ross Robertson and Master Irving are still lingering in the beauty spots of the Thousand Islands.

Mrs. Walter Stewart, who has been rusticating at Oakville, returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra came home from Europe last week, and while Yeason is being prepared for occupancy are journeying at the Queen's Royal, Niagara. Mr. Cawthra is not to return to Canada until the latter autumn.

The marriage of Miss Clara Palen of Toronto and Mr. Edwin H. Gerry of New York was solemnized at Niagara Falls last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeble Merritt and Mr. O. A. Cowland will be at the Arlington this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Allan are still at Strathmore, that quaint summer home near Lake Simcoe.

Mr. and the Misses Mackenzie have come home from Europe. One by one the big houses are opening their eyes from a summer sleep. It is pleasant work to chronicle the return of people who do so much to make Toronto right and busy during the season, and the guests, so filled with unfamiliar faces and cabal, are now made more interesting by the presence of the sunburned demoiselles and dandies who, in a social sense, may be said to "run the town." The smart traps and well-carriages are to be seen occasionally now up before the stylish shops, and the guests of stay-at-homes reflect the bright greetings of the wanderers as they come back to us in the autumn.

Mrs. Read of Port Hope, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Aves, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cox and Miss Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, Mrs. and Miss Mandelick, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Kert, and Mrs. C. H. Godfrey of Atlanta, (Ga.), Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Creelman, Mr. Grayson, Messrs. Read, Miss Bugg, Mrs. and Miss Ellis Rosedale and Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstar, Miss Holton, Miss Errett are at Ellamere house this week.

Mrs. and Miss Streight, accompanied by Misses Webber and Findlay, have returned from a month's sojourn at their cottage, Glenview, Jackson's Point. The accident sustained by Miss Streight to her ankle and which at first seemed ready to treat, now confines that young lady to the house and threatens to make a prisoner of her for some time to come.

Last Friday the guests of Ellamere House were given a *soiree dansante* in the I. A. A. Hall by Mrs. Meade. A very few people were asked from town. The affair was most enjoyable and did not break up at the usual early hour, as only a few of the guests returned to the city by the late boat. Among the Ellamere *coterie* was a handsome girl from New York, Miss Mandelick, who wore a simple white muslin gown dotted with black and trimmed with valencienne; Mrs. Watson, who is a charmingly pretty brunette; Mrs. Harry Wright, a perfect Hebe, and very popular with both men and women; Mrs. Godfrey, in very smart *tenue toilette*; Miss May, and Miss Bugg, two pretty girls, who received much attention. A nice little supper of summerainties was served by the maids from Ellamere, who, I might remark (as everyone else does) are models of solicitude and attention to the merry party *en pension* at Mrs. Meade's.

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Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

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EYE AND EAR SURGEON
Has Removed to 223 Church St., Toronto

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Sunbeams, 6 for 25c; Panels, 6 for 50c; Diamonds, 6 for 50c. Lantern Slides made to order. Broude enlargements. Crayons. Printing for amateurs. Out-door Views. Commercial Photography.

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The "Tribby" Shoes in Tan and Black, B and C lasts. Buttons and Jetties in same style.

A full range of Men's "Tokio" Shoes. All the newest goods and latest style. Patents and Enamelled Calf in Buttons and Laced.

Shoe Grievances

As soon as vacation time is over your boots and shoes will need a thorough overhauling. Make no mistake.

H. & C. BLACHFORD

can suit you in every way. Oxford Shoes for the Fall. Walking Boots of all weights. A fine selection of Overalls. Bicycle Leggings, in Black, Tan Blue.

83 to 89
King Street East
Toronto

We Have on Hand

Amongst other seasonable goods

Men's Golf Boots

Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, tan toe; Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, tan toe; Men's Dongola Kid Pullman Slippers, black or tan, or the new wide toe; Men's Patent Calf, in Boston, Balmoral, Congress and Oxford in tan and Goodyear welt.

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 79 King Street East

TORONTO RAILWAY

Service of Cars into the Parks

KING STREET CARS run to Balmoral Avenue, close to Victoria Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open.

Connections are made at Woodbine gate with the Scarborough cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes.

HIGH PARK.—There is a ten minute service on Carlton and College route, and a ten minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from College and Yonge into the park.

Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties.

School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

Subscribed Capital..... \$1,000,000
Paid up Capital..... 600,000

FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.

F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,
10 King Street West

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET.
Telephone 2686.

Carpets taken up, cleaned, re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Fushies and Mattresses Re-cleaned. Furniture Repaired.

FRITZ & HUGHES BROS.

Hear

Our...
Transposing
Pianos

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

- Transposes any music
- into any key by a simple
- lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Odoroma
The Perfect
Tooth Powder

Sweetens the Breath, strengthens the Gums, cleanses the Teeth and preserves them permanently.

"Having analyzed and tested 'Odoroma,' I find it to be composed of ingredients well known to the dental and medical profession as being the best for cleansing and preserving the teeth. It contains nothing that could in any way be deleterious in its action, and it has my unqualified approval."—W. T. STUART, M.D., C.M., Professor of Chemistry, Trinity Medical School, Philadelphia, Pa., and of Chemistry, School of Dentistry.

Aroma Chemical Co. Toronto.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Case returned from their Eastern trip on Friday. Mademoiselle Van den Broeck, who has been visiting in Muskoka, has returned with a collection of beautiful impressions in oils of that romantic region, and is at present staying with Mrs. Case for a short visit.

Mrs. and Miss May, who have been summering at Ellmere House, Center Island, returned to the city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are at their delightful summer home, Northcote, near Woodstock.

Lovers of music have a treat in store for them on Sunday evening next, September 1, when grand musical vespers will be sung at St. Joseph's church, Leslieville, under the direction of Madame Rosa D'Erina and Professor Von Thom.

Mrs. Millar of St. Louis is visiting Mrs. McAndrew, 64 Madison avenue, and was a much admired guest at the Athletic Club on ladies' day.

Mrs. W. H. Thorne of Spadina avenue gave a small dance for her niece, Miss Aileen Thorne, last week. Among those present were: The Misses Brayley, Roberts, Thorne, Coady, and Masters Thorne, Brayley, Willoughby and others.

Dr. Harold C. Hewish of Philadelphia is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hewish of Jameson avenue.

Miss Fuller has returned from a delightful summer in Chemong, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Fuller of Ottawa, who is visiting Mrs. Fuller of Rosedale and is looking much the better for her summer in Chemong.

Miss A. M. Adams of Chicago, who has been spending the summer in Toronto, Thousand Islands, New York and at the sea shore, has returned home.

Miss Etta Deacon of McCaul street has returned from a three weeks' visit to Warkworth and vicinity. Assisted by her sister, she entertained a party of friends at progressive euchre on Tuesday evening, the occasion being her birthday.

Miss May Cecil and Miss Anna Kane of New York are visiting Mrs. M. J. O'Conner, King street east.

Miss Jennie Cleghorn of Fort Wingate, New Mexico, who has been visiting Mrs. Price of 143 Mutual street since last fall, left for home on Friday last.

The Misses Piddington of 24 St. Alban's street, have returned from Muskoka.

Mrs. C. W. Hollway of Seaton street and Master Louis Hollway are summering at Riverside Cottage, LaChute, Que.

Mr. Robert A. Shutt and family, of Robert street, have returned home from Ottawa.

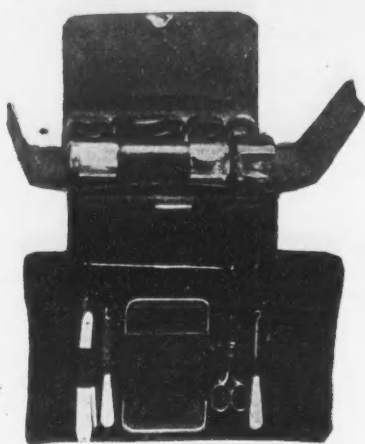
Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson of Howden Holme have gone for a few weeks to Stanstead, near Lake Memphremagog, Quebec.

Mr. Fred M. Baker, he of the dulcet tenor and limber heels who danced so charmingly as the Joker in the Living Whist, and is also a smart yachtsman, has entered the office of Messrs. H. A. Lazier & Co.

Mr. George I. Cochrane of Los Angeles, Cal., Dr. E. Herbert Adams and Dr. J. Frank Adams of Toronto and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Leslie of Detroit have returned from a short trip to Muskoka. Mr. Cochrane leaves shortly for his California home.

Mrs. W. E. Southgate, after five weeks' vacation on the upper lakes, has returned to her residence in Moore Park and will be pleased to see her friends.

Miss Edith J. Miller is the guest of Mrs.



H. E. Clarke & Co.
The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Ltd.

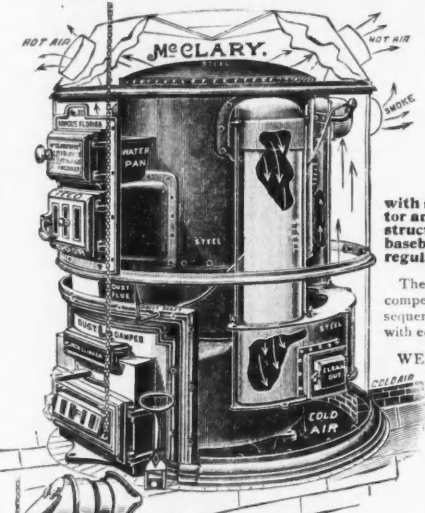
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Trunks, Bags
Purses, Pocketbooks
Footballs
Golf Bags, &c.

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KING ST. W. ST



Hot Air Furnaces



With Hot Water
Combination if Desired.

Our...
Famous Florida
For Coal.

with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove, and is as easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great fuel economy in fuel.

WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS.

THE MCCLARY MFG. CO.

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TORONTO, WINNIPEG,
VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

COAL AND
LOWEST WOOD
PRICES



ELIAS
ROGERS
& CO.

R. C. Chute of 14 Walmer road. Miss Miller will sail for London the latter part of September to study under Shakespeare or Randegger.

The marriage of Miss Louise McKay, the sweet soprano who won so much applause here and elsewhere last season, and Mr. Robert Peel Leslie of New York took place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. F. H. Torrington of 14 Pembroke street. In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Torrington, Signor and Mrs. Tesseman undertook the duties of host and hostess to the friends of the bride, and the important knot was safely tied which deprives Toronto of one of her sweetest singers and transports the song-bird to Gotham.

Miss Medorah Voden of Markham street has returned from a two weeks' holiday in Caledon, Ont.

The Misses Johnson of King street are again at their rooms and will be glad to attend to their lady patrons.

The Pastor's Wife.

An Interesting Interview With Mrs. (Rev.) F. B. Stratton.

Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Emaciated and Unable to Stand Fatigue—Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Napanee Beaver.

The Rev. F. B. Stratton of Selby is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the president. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the *Beaver* was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefited. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health, and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue as Mrs. Stratton's mother, the late Mrs. Weaver of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using the Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

The Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, has this season sprung into prominence and counts among its guests, visitors from every State in the Union and Canada. Not only is it famous as a health resort, but as a pleasure resort it has few equals. The Orpheus harpers, who have been engaged for the season, are still there, and crowding the verandas and gardens nightly with many visitors from Guelph, Berlin and Galt, while the hops are attended by all the smart people.

May—I would be perfectly happy if my fiancée were down here. Belle—So would we all, dear.

Ladies...

Will save unpleasant delays and inconvenience to themselves by having their

FURS...

repaired, altered and remodeled to the latest styles now, before the busy season commences.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS

101 Yonge Street
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Wall Papers

In all the latest designs, at close prices. Also relief materials in original designs.

Wood Floors

In plain and Mosaic patterns. Wood Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

Grille Work

For Arches and Doors, in turned and twisted wood.

William H. Elliott

(LATE OF ELLIOTT & SON)

40 KING STREET EAST

CHINA HALL

Ranson...

A complete assortment of this pattern in "WHITE CHINA."

Art Glass...

A choice selection of crystal shapes for decorating.

JUNOR & IRVING

49 King Street East, Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

RIDOUT—On Wednesday, August 28, 1896, at Rosedale House, the wife of Mr. Frederick F. Ridout—a son.

CLARK—Aug. 28, Mrs. J. Clark—a daughter.

GEORGE—Aug. 21, Mrs. William K. George—a daughter.

Marriages.

McKENNEY—SMYTH—Aug. 27, Albert Golden McKenney to Marguerite Louise Smyth, both of Toronto.

McGONIGLE—HILLARY—Aug. 22, Rev. T. G. McGonigle to Ellen Augusta Hillary.

SKINNER—KERR—Aug. 21, William Bruce Skinner to Ella Dingwall Kerr.

ANDERSON—MILLAR—Aug. 15, John N. Anderson to Elizabeth M. Millar.

McKENDRY'S

All next week we'll be as busy as bees marking off new goods. In the meantime A Special Sale of Bibles and Prayer Books are now on at astonishing low prices. Hundreds of other great drives to be had over the store:

500 Bibles, gilt edge, with Psalms and phrases, 25c each.
500 Morocco Bound Bibles, with Psalms and phrases, 35c, worth 60c.
250 Morocco Leather Bibles, yapped and pearl type, 50c.
100 Reference Bibles, Morocco, containing maps, Psalms and paraphrases, 80c, reg. \$1.
100 Teachers' Bibles, yapped, with latest concordance notes, etc., \$1.10, worth \$2.
2,000 Catholic Prayer Books and Church England services, latest publications, at 25c, 35c and 50c, worth 50 per cent. more.

This is a VERY SPECIAL Book offering. Prices cannot be duplicated when this lot is sold.

120 pairs ladies' Dongola Oxford shoes, regular price \$1.25, special at 70c.

200 pairs ladies' Oxford shoes, hand-turned soles, regular price \$1.25, for 85c.

Children's oil goats button Boots, spring heels and tips, sizes 7, 8, 9 and 10, special at 70c pair.

Royal Dandelion Coffee, 25c lb.

English Mustard, 5c tin, or 6 for 25c.

Epp's Cocoa, 8c pack, or 5 for 25c.

Compressed Beef, 2 tins for 25c.

Crosse & Blackwell's marmalade, 15c jar.

11 pieces fine Black Dress Serge, 50 inch wide, good value for 75c, will sell at 50c.

42-inch Fall Costume Cloths, neat fancy signs, navy, brown, black, gray and tan, special at 35c yard.

Fancy Tweed Suits, 25c per yard.

50 pieces Black Silk Laces, 6 and 7 inch wide, worth 20c and 25c, for 9c.

25 pieces 9 inch Irish Point Lace, in cream and butter, regular 15c, for 5c.

Black silk and satin Ribbons are away up price in the foreign markets, and we'll have pay more later on. But here are two can just in at the old prices, specials at 8c, 10c, and 20c yard.

200 far work center pieces 10c and 15c, special at 35c yard.

Bedroom slipper soles, 20c pair.

170 doz. ladies' fine black hose, fancy to the last shipment made a good impression.

25c, this lot goes at 19c pair.

100 doz. ladies' black cashmere hose, sizes reg. 35c or three pairs for \$1.

Closing out parasols; summer kindswere to \$1.25 for 50c, and were \$1.25 to \$2.25 for 2,500 toothpicks for 5c.

Beef, iron and wine 40c.

Burdock's Blood Bitters 65c.

Babies' feeders, reg. 25c, for 15c each.

30 pieces belting canvas 3c yard.

Sterling silver rings 10c, reg. 25c.

New Hussar braids, black and colored, 3c yard.

100 doz. ladies' long sleeve, soft finish Mer Vests, 2 for 25c.

100 doz. ladies' long sleeve shaped Vests, special, 25c.

200 pairs Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, lot old at \$1.40; this is a special purchase, they go at 95c a pair.

Art Silks, 35c per yard, regular 65c.

300 large size White Quilts, a Manchester drive, out they go at 75c each.

Men's Summer Socks, 4 pairs for 25c.

Men's Umbrellas, regular \$1.50, for 75c.

60 doz. New York long-waist Corsets, clasps, regular 90c line, for 59c.

High bust waists, perfect shape, \$1, regular \$1.25.

Corded Corsets, large sizes, 25c.

Ladies' Flannelette Drawers, made from English cloth, 25c pair.

200 Two Quart Covered Pails 5c each.

Quart Fruit Sealers, 65c doz.

20-inch Crystal Lamp, complete, 25c.

Solid Leather Club Bags, regular \$1, for 50c.

Black Flowers for mourning, lower the half prices, 5c, 10c and 15c.

Fine straw plaques 5c each.

Come With the Crowds That Are Always Here.

McKENDRY & CO.

202, 204, 206, 208 Yonge St. TORONTO

Summer is Waning

DECIDE NOW ON ONE OF

1,000 TOURS VIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

BY RAIL LAKE RIVER OR OCEAN

TORONTO TICKET OFFICE

1 KING ST. EAST.

COR. YONGE STREET.

STEWART—WHITE—Aug. 21, Fred H. Stewart to Margaret White.

CRAWFORD—ROSE—Aug. 22, Rev. John Crawford to Margaret Rose.

KNAPP—CHURCH—Aug. 23, James W. Knapp to Margaret Church.

LESLIE—McKAY—Aug. 29, Robert P. Leslie to Louise McKay.

Deaths.

McGILLIVRAY—Aug. 27, Jane McGillivray.

SUTTER—Aug. 26, Charles Sutter, aged 60.

CLARK—Aug. 25, Annie Clark.

McFARLAND—Aug. 23, Matthew McFarland, aged 81.

CUNNINGHAM—Aug. 12, Christina S. Cunningham, aged 74.

WOOD—Aug. 24, Benson Alder Wood.

GILLISPIE—Aug. 23, Dr. W. R. Gillespie, aged 59.

FARRE—Aug. 24, John Farre, aged 57.

IRWIN—Aug. 24, Robert Irwin, aged 63.

DR. G. L. BALL

DENTIST

Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 1188. Hours, 9-12.

Residence, 24 Bedford Road. Tel. 407. Hours, 2-10.

Vol. 8

Some of the first visit Canada as a Company, which is not that he will change in the road. An of the shareholder Sir Henry Charles Riv which he training and he had not passengers Glasgow two tions little morning as from the tra laughed as us, remark beggar is he had reg both look laughed. Henry Tyle and certain stockinged mistake him thing but a fellow who high place to to his miam Wilson is a had success entirely dev any valuable day railroad manipulating Africa, or where people and be entire of a country its feelings raged by Ge pidity. Mo are working deal whereb others, they papers to an

However Sir Charles ludicrous of the pale of it immediately seizing upon to economic ruined com sible for us other direct conspicuous ing among we heard of making spe men and al and condit and the ma on the offic his propoas when he arr of six carr, lunk-heads were no do glance of b telegraph p and French tion, if it It has mea more than been some boards of tr of taking h Silvers-Wil Station and that there is president of Impertinent confounded the preside Company. and in his d there is a there and T monotony b broken by fletting up miserable m pared or h probable, ho of the road at Cobourg of course he when in Co London the Cobourg. F make him p

After a to Charles Trill and assure the public thing all ri him to the submitted of frozen wast repainting hands. W will probabl train-despa Summer w ing sun v dirty wind coaches has Hog's Holl back break holders will